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IRENE H. BARNE

PREFACE BY  
REV. H. C. G. MOUL  
D.D.

# GREAT WALL

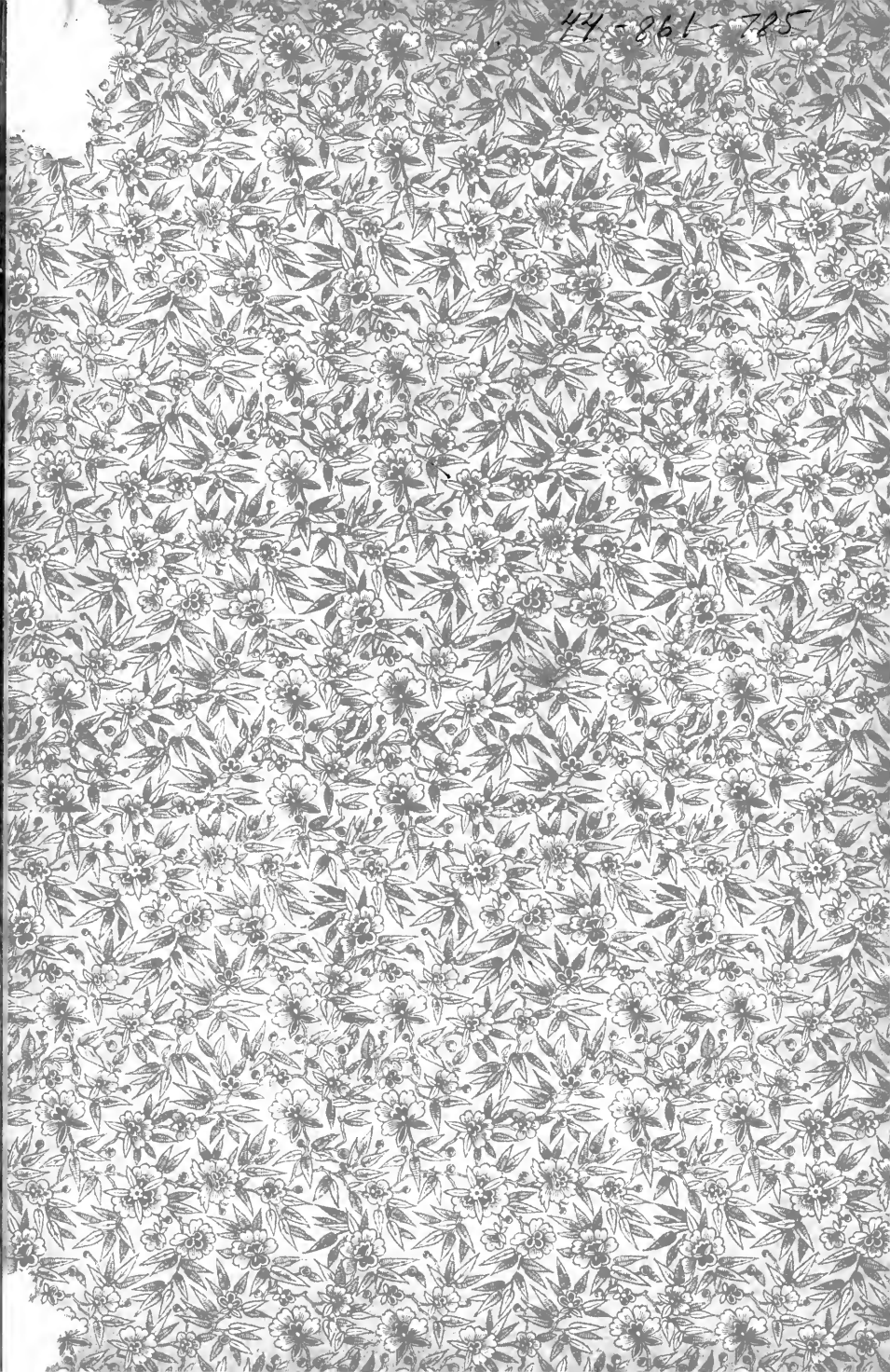
THE STORY OF  
C.E.Z.M.S. WORK IN CHINA





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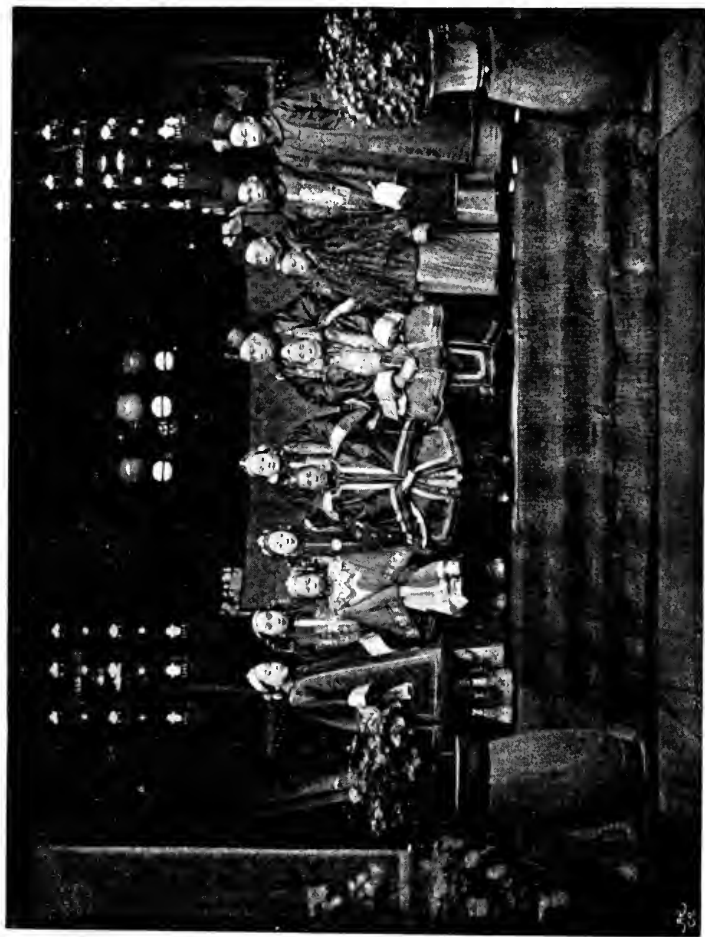
IN CONNECTION WITH

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MR. AND MRS. AHOK WITH A GROUP OF RELATIVES AT THE ENTRANCE OF THEIR RESIDENCE IN FOO-CHOW.  
(See p. 61: "The Story of Mrs. Ahok.")

# BEHIND THE GREAT WALL

The Story of the C.E.Z.M.S  
Work and Workers  
in China

*With Numerous Illustrations*

BY

IRENE H. BARNES

PREFACE BY THE

REV. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, D.D

*Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge*

**Second Edition**

**London**

**MARSHALL BROTHERS**

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## PREFACE

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I HAVE been permitted to read *Behind the Great Wall* in the proof-sheets. It appears now in the full dress of publication, and goes to make friends in the world, the ever-widening world, thank God, of those who read missionary literature. I venture to predict for it a large circle of grateful friends and a rich fruit-bearing from amongst them. For assuredly they will find in this book a message which will do admirably well those two works always necessary to the kindling and sustaining of missionary zeal—the clear and full conveyance of facts, and the gentle yet powerful application of the appeal.

For me, China has for long years been a household word in the most literal sense. I was still a boy when I saw my beloved brother, now Missionary Bishop in Mid-China, go forth “for the Name’s sake,” at the age of nearly thirty, in December, 1857. And in less than four years another dear brother, now his Archdeacon, followed him, in a sailing vessel, which rounded the Cape, and was months on the way. From those days to these I have always seemed to see China, and to hear it, and have indeed learned to love it through these loved and honoured ones, and now through their children, who are missionaries in their turn, and through many another friend, close to my heart in Christ. Yes, for one who has never sailed to the Far East, I have seemed to know China well in some respects, after these nearly forty years of the

"household word." Yet when I read *Behind the Great Wall* I have found myself, in page after page, furnished with quite new sets of facts, presented with quite new aspects of Chinese life, and brought face to face with both incidents and persons full of the newest and deepest interest.

I thank God for this record of His work through the "C.E.Z.M.S.," and through those devoted *Gunions* (the reader will soon be familiar with that word) whom it has sent out in the Lord's Name. The climax of interest is reached in the closing pages, which put almost visibly before us the blessed martyrs of Hwa-sang, and stir the inmost soul to tears, and prayers, and new zeal for the Lord Jesus, over their glorified names. But the whole book is in keeping with that close. For all along it records the patient work and labour of love through which the martyr spirit breathes as truly as it did on that awful morning of death and glory.

One most delightful chapter will be prized by many—that which tells of the *Native* women-workers; and again, that which deals with medical work; and the singularly interesting story of Mrs. Ahok. But I will not particularize further.

"Goe, little boke," and the Lord of Grace and of Missions go with thee. Go, to the quickening of our faith, love, hope, and self-dedication to Him. Go, to the strengthening of the work of the much-blest Society from which thou hast thy origin. Go, to be the Master's messenger to those who shall be the messengers of His choice to the women of vast and needing China.

H. C. G. MOULE.

RIDLEY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE,  
June 1st, 1896.



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## INTRODUCTORY

*"I wanted help, and then I called for thee—  
I called and waited—and then called again :  
Oh ! could it be that I should call in vain ?"*

—C. P.

IN the year 1880 the Regulations of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society were drawn up. It was then that a few important words were inserted at the earnest desire of that honoured friend of Foreign Missions, the Rev. Henry Wright, and of other wise and loving counsellors:—

"THE SOCIETY MAY, IF IT SEEM ADVISABLE, ENGAGE IN SIMILAR WORK IN OTHER HEATHEN AND MOHAMMEDAN COUNTRIES."

So runs the clause framed by those who expected that the Lord would soon open doors of opportunity for women's work in other fields than India only. And their holy anticipations were realized. In 1882 came pressing appeals which could not be lightly set aside. Members of the C.M.S. Committee and other influential friends of the Society at home, C.M.S. bishops, missionaries and workers abroad wrote to the C.E.Z.M.S., urging upon it the claims of China's ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION HEATHEN WOMEN.

Sir William Hill, our honoured and now much mourned friend, received letter after letter pressing upon him the importance of the call, and he in turn

pleaded with us that we would not leave our C.M.S. brethren in sight of these myriad women idolaters, whom they were forbidden by Chinese etiquette to visit, and who in their secluded lives were therefore open only to the reach of *women* evangelists. In a letter dated October 5th, 1882, he wrote to a friend of the Society thus:—

“I am much obliged for your kind letter and the striking allusion made by your friend to the taking up of Mission work in China, which is as singular as the way in which it came to me. The Bishop of Hong Kong spoke to me about medical missions for South China, and left with me reports to read on the subject. About a fortnight after, Miss Foster (now Mrs. Fagg), a seven years' missionary with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart at Foo-chow, brought me a letter of introduction from Dr. Murdoch, at Foo-chow, asking me to take up Foo-chow, and giving instances of female mission work. I could not but feel that God was calling us to extend our work in that great empire. I believe I could get four missionaries for China and Japan for next year. God is, I believe, bidding us go forward. We hope to discuss the question next month, *preceded* by a devotional meeting the last week in this month.”

Such a solemn question of extension in the far East was indeed sufficient to send the C.E.Z.M.S. Committee to its knees in prayer for guidance. The claims of India were paramount and all-important. Not one pound of money, not one single worker must be lost to India for the sake of work even in the twin continent. But the question was one that must be spread before the Lord; and a special meeting for prayer was convened, its sole purpose being to seek definite guidance, not by counsel with each other, but by humble waiting upon “the only wise God.”

On October 30th, 1882, two days before the regular November Committee meeting, a gathering took place

in Sir William Hill's house at Kensington, he himself presiding. The room was full of the friends of both Societies, amongst those present being the late James Stuart, Esq. (then the honoured Secretary of the C.E.Z.M.S.), the Rev. Gilbert Karney and Colonel Stewart Black, C.E.Z.M.S., the late Rev. William Gray, the Rev. F. E. Wigram and Eugene Stock, Esq., C.M.S., etc., etc. Not a word of discussion took place. Not a voice was raised except in prayer and the reading of God's Word. The memory of that season spent in His presence, inquiring His mind and conferring with Himself alone, will never fade from the minds of those who treasure it as a sacred recollection. The late Rev. William Gray read with peculiar fervour and emphasis Numbers ix. 15-23. The little company was led into the very sanctuary of the Lord as it took up the attentive and believing attitude of the children of Israel who were guided by the moving Pillar, and journeyed only "at the commandment of the Lord."

Deep and strong came the sense of responsibility as we remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, "Go ye and teach ALL nations." Fervent were the petitions for wisdom which rose from all parts of the room. The meeting separated in silence.

The following week—was it surprising?—there issued from the C.E.Z.M.S. Committee this resolution, subsequently agreed to unanimously :—

"The Committee having taken into consideration the proposals received from influential quarters for extension to China and Japan, and the suggestion that work should be undertaken in Egypt, are of opinion that the funds at their disposal at present are not sufficient to enable them to overtake the pressing calls from India; but that if special funds are sent to them for these extensions, of sufficient amount to warrant their commencement

of the work, they will rejoice in being thus enabled to carry out the extensions contemplated in the second paragraph of the regulations."

Meanwhile, more and more urgent became the correspondence from and about China. An appeal reached us from members of the C.M.S. Committee urging us "to assist Mrs. Stewart, the wife of one of our (C.M.S.) missionaries at Foo-chow, in the very important work she has on hand in training and superintending native Bible-women, and in visiting Chinese ladies of position—a work already commenced, and not without result." And in a letter addressed to the Committee by the Rev. F. E. Wigram, then Hon. Sec. C.M.S., we were told:—

"We have strong confidence that if you will accede to our request, and announce your readiness to take up this work in Foo-chow, provided funds for the purpose are forthcoming, you would receive a response which would indicate how lively an interest in the vast empire of China exists in England, not only amongst your supporters, but amongst many who, were this particular field taken up by you, would at once become your supporters."

In the May-June issue of INDIA'S WOMEN (the organ of our Society), "A Special Appeal" was written, on behalf of a China Fund, and every reader asked to make this a matter of earnest prayer. At the same time they were also urged to give their opinions on what was "certainly not merely a Committee responsibility," but, one to be shared by every member of the C.E.Z.M.S. Gladly, too, we inserted a letter from Gordon S. Northcote, Esq., as typical of the many received from outside and independent sources. This letter was written to the editor of a local paper, and part of it runs as follows:—

"As your readers are doubtless aware, the social condition of woman in China, as in other Oriental countries, is one of degrada-



tion, and, unlike her more fortunate sisters in Christian lands, she does not hold her proper place in society. As a rule, the sexes in China are kept strictly separated, even brothers and sisters being prevented from freely associating, after the former commence their studies.

"To the poorer classes of women there is, and has been for some time, an easy access, and native women are being trained by missionary ladies to go out and teach their neighbours. It is earnestly desired that efforts be put forth to reach the richer classes. But the better class of women are, as a rule, kept entirely secluded from view, and until quite recently no foreign lady could penetrate into the 'inner apartments' of a Chinese household.

"Two or three years ago, owing to the dangerous illness of the wife of the Viceroy of the Metropolitan Province of China, the door, hitherto closed against foreigners, and the influence of Christianity, was opened by an American lady medical missionary, whose professional advice was sought; and it is most important that we should not let the opportunities now given us of shedding the Gospel light abroad in the Chinese family circle pass away from us unimproved. It is only those who have lived and laboured among the Chinese who really are competent to say anything about the ignorant and darkened condition of the Chinese women. But all who are conscious of the influence of mothers over their children, and so over society at large, for good or for evil, cannot but feel a firm conviction that were the women of China gained over to Christianity, the rest would soon follow them.

"With a view to bringing about this glorious result, the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, working in co-operation with the Church Missionary Society, have been urged to extend the sphere of their labours to China and other places, and this they consent to do, 'if special funds are sent to them for these extensions, of sufficient amount to warrant their commencement of the work. . . .'

"Trusting that your readers may be found willing and able to help in some way or other the furtherance of this worthy object, and thanking you for the insertion of this letter,

"I am, Madam, yours faithfully,

"GORDON S. NORTHCOTE.

"TEMPLE HILL, EAST BUDLEIGH, SOUTH DEVON,

"*February 28th, 1883.*"

And were we "warranted" to commence?

An extract from the C.E.Z.M.S. Committee Minutes, July 4th, 1883, runs thus :—

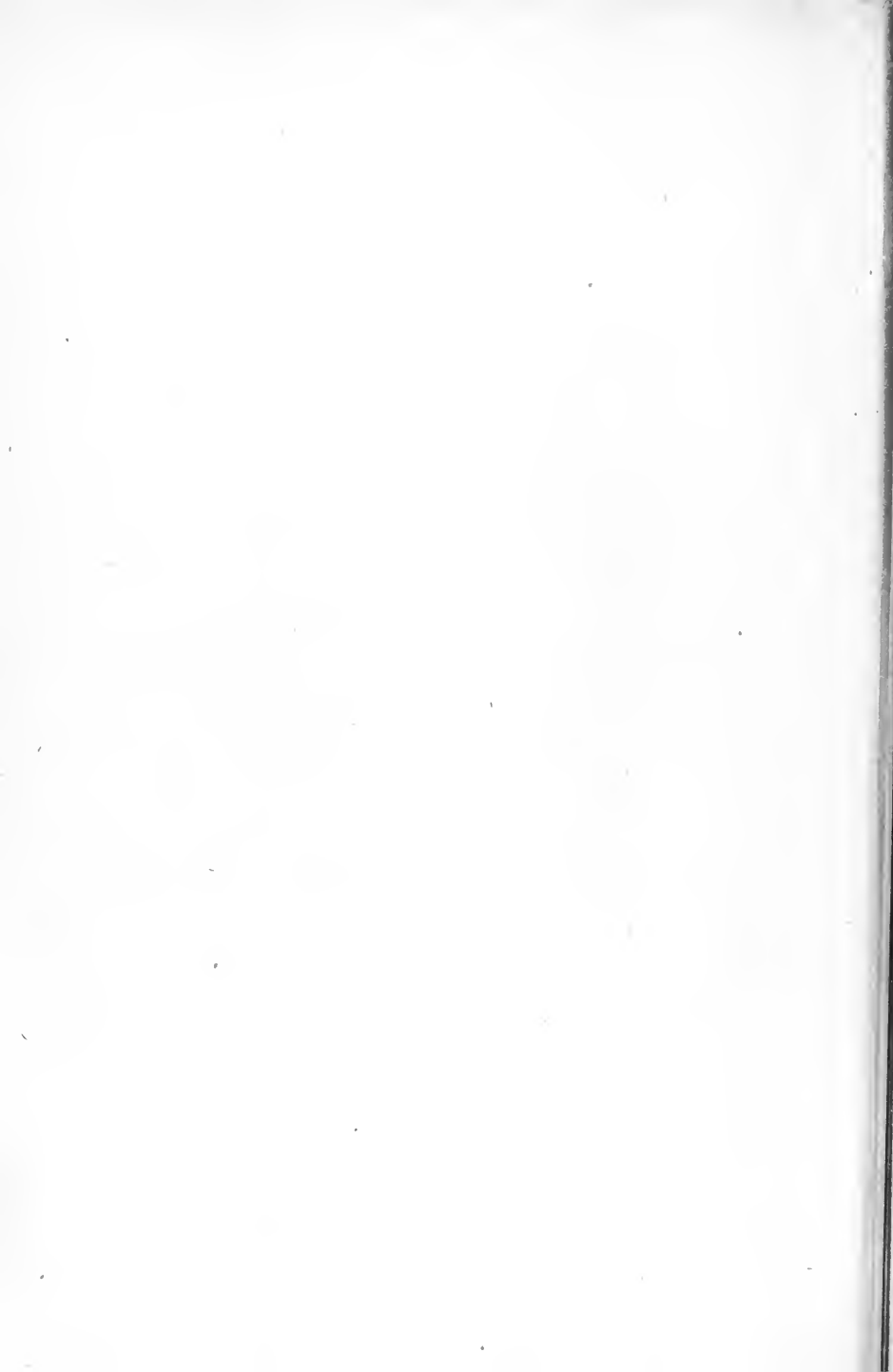
"Presented statement of the China Fund, showing cash received to date, £418 1s. 2d., with promise of £150 in September, and as money has still to be received from the results of a meeting at Croydon, and a sale of work there, it was thought that the £700 which had been decided upon as the minimum on which it would be prudent to go forward would be speedily attained. The Secretaries were authorized, on the completion of the amount, to enter into negotiations with the Secretaries of the C.M.S. with reference to the arrangements for sending out Miss Gough."

Within a few months from the date of that memorable Prayer Meeting, £700 had been sent in as a special "China Fund"—the *exact* sum which, after deliberation, had been decided upon as the minimum on which it would be prudent to go forward!

And so, on October 4th, 1883, when the large room of the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, was filled with a company of more than 900 sympathetic and praying friends, the C.E.Z.M.S. held a Valedictory Meeting to take leave of its first missionary to China, and said farewell to Miss Gough in these words :—

"The circumstances under which you, MISS GOUGH, are going forth to Foo-chow, are so remarkable as to form an epoch in the history of our Society. Hitherto, although its constitution clearly provided for extension, its work has been confined to India. More than once have we been invited to help in reaching the women of China, but the way has never been clear till now, when, almost in spite of ourselves, but in obedience to what has seemed to be an unmistakable call, we are sending thither our first missionary. And it is surely a token for good that this first missionary should be the daughter of one who for thirty-one years has laboured for the C.M.S. in that vast empire, and a lady who herself was born in China, who has spent the greater part of her life there, who has

laboured there for Christ, and who is already familiar with the written language of the country. Not quite four years have passed since you ministered at the deathbed of the lamented Bishop Russell, and now you are yourself sent forth to take up like work for the same Lord among the millions of that vast empire. We send you, at the request of the C.M.S., to assist Mrs. Stewart of Foo-chow in the training of her Bible-women, whose services are much in demand, and in the visitation of Chinese ladies, for which important work there is an ever-increasing number of opening doors. Go, and the Lord be with thee!"

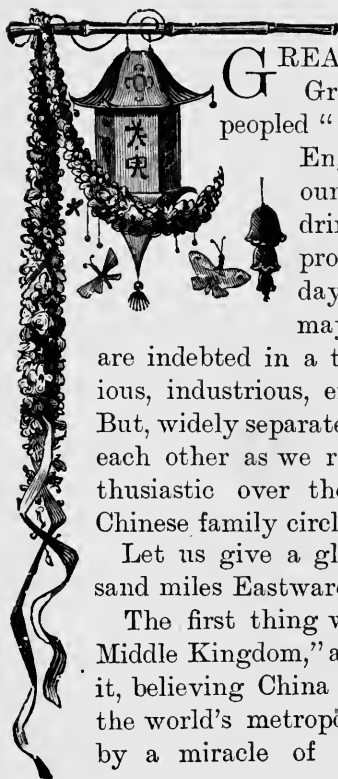


## CHAPTER I

### A GLANCE AT THE LAND

*Dr. Morrison, the first Protestant Missionary in China, was in early life a counting-house clerk. When about to embark on his missionary enterprise a fellow-clerk, with an ill-suppressed air of ridicule, sneeringly remarked, "And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that YOU will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire." "No, sir," said Morrison with solemnity; "I EXPECT GOD WILL."*

—From "Toils and Triumphs," by H. W. ELLIS.



GREAT China — the antipodes of Great Britain—teeming, million-peopled "Land of Sinim," how little we English men and women concern ourselves about it! Perhaps we drink its tea every afternoon; probably we wear its silk every day; and certainly, though we may not always recognise it, we

are indebted in a thousand ways to that ingenious, industrious, enduring people so far away. But, widely separated as we are, and ignorant of each other as we remain, how can we grow enthusiastic over the eccentric and conservative Chinese family circle over the sea?

Let us give a glance at the land three thousand miles Eastward Ho.

The first thing we notice is that the "Great Middle Kingdom," as its inhabitants proudly term it, believing China to be the centre of the earth, the world's metropolis, is bounded on the north by a miracle of Chinese engineering. Over

highest hills, through deepest valleys, across rivers and every other natural obstacle runs the Great Wall, 1,259 miles in length, 25 ft. broad at base, 15 ft. wide at summit. Such a poem in stone, brick and cement is surely a monument to the patience, industry and perseverance of its builders, who thus, ages ago, successfully raised an insurmountable barrier to invasion from their Tartar foes.

Behind that Great Wall exists a wondrous empire, the most ancient in the world. Its eighteen provinces cover an area of 5,300,000 square miles, a surface eighteen times as large as Great Britain. Its fourteen hundred and sixty walled cities, besides innumerable towns and villages, are so densely populated, its river-craft is so crowded with human life, that it would take nineteen years for all the Chinese to walk past a given point in single file at the rate of thirty a minute, day and night. For China contains nearly 400,000,000 souls. Behind the Great Wall lives ONE OUT OF EVERY THREE PERSONS BORN INTO THE WORLD !

“Heaven above and Soo-chow and Foo-chow below” is the Chinaman’s proverb for expressing his admiration of the natural beauties of his country, which he certainly cannot exaggerate. Mountains in all their stately grandeur and ever-changing charms; climbing woodland slopes and rushing torrents; fertile plains spread with corn like a cloth of gold, or emerald with paddy fields, or verdant with tea groves; avenues of feathery bamboo and forests of pine; tropical vegetation of every hue, from deepest crimson to palest yellow, everywhere encircled and enriched by wild flowers as familiar and beautiful as our own English treasures of hothouse or hedge—camellia, stephanotis, myrtle and honeysuckle—such are the gifts flung:—



“ . . . unrestrained and free  
O'er hill and dale and valley sod ;  
That man at every step may see  
The footprint and the stamp of God.”

Glancing next at the people themselves, we find the Chinese workman content to live on rice and vegetables costing three-halfpence per diem, to dress in plain blue cotton blouses and roomy trousers (always of one shape and make), fastened with pieces of twisted calico for buttons, straw sandals, price one halfpenny a pair, and considering himself “passing rich” on wages varying from 3*d.* to 6*d.* a day. A broad-brimmed bamboo hat shields his shaven forehead from the sun, and a huge, stiff cape of palm-tree, fibre-like thatch protects him from the rain. Engage him as your “boy,” and, winding his “pigtail” round his head, as a housemaid tucks up her skirt to scrub, or, funnier still, *pocketing* it, he will set to work, carrying out his favourite motto, “Can do.”

Chinese men of the upper class are dressed in brilliant flowing robes, their feet encased in black satin boots with white felt soles, and their hair, shaven off their foreheads, is braided behind into one long tasselled queue, interwoven with coloured ribbons, reaching almost to the ground.

Our Chinese friends represent to our Western minds all that is quaint and comical in manners and customs. Apparently they live at the centre of Topsy-turvydom! They *put on* their hats in order to show respect; they shake their *own* hands instead of those of their friends whom they meet. The Chinaman's house is built *round his garden*; the carpenter he employs saws wood *from* instead of *towards* himself; and when the “Celestial” invites us to a feast at his house he will write a letter in

columns which we must read backwards. The note will probably be written on a long slip of bright red paper, and run thus: "On the —— day a trifling entertainment will await the light of your countenance." If it be a lady guest who is invited to the feast, the wife will single her out for special honour, and throughout the twenty-five courses will feed her with choice morsels of ham stewed in honey, fish with pickled fir-cones, a tenderly boiled slug, etc., etc., from her own bowl with her own chop-sticks. And although all that is left uneaten will be whipped back into the centre bowl as the next course appears, it will be the height of rudeness and ill-breeding to refuse any item of such a *menu*!

The ancient Book of Rites regulates Chinese manners, and is the cause of their unchangeableness. The ceremonial usages of China have been estimated at 3,000. Everything is done by precedent. Every official in the empire must assume his winter or summer costume on a special day, of which notice is given in the *Pekin Gazette*, by a statement that the emperor has put on his winter or summer hat. Then all the world in China must do the same.

Women, no less than men, are the slaves of custom. Etiquette forbids a Chinese lady to walk out of doors. But it is unnecessary, since etiquette has first made her a cripple! For at six years of age almost every girl in China has to undergo the bandaging of both feet, in order to reduce them to the correct and fashionable size. A lady's shoe measures two and a half inches in length. To render them capable of wearing such minute cases, the feet are tightly bound, the four small toes being tucked under the sole of the foot, of which after a time they

become a part, and the heel brought forward. The excruciating agony endured, while for two years the foot is crushed, stops growing, and practically dies, can better be imagined than described. When at last the process is complete, the Chinese lady, swaying and tottering along on her great-toe and heel, is considered as graceful in her movements as the "waving of the willow trees," and she is complimented on her "golden lily feet."



A Chinese Lady's Foot in its Binder and Shoe compared with an Englishwoman's Shoe. (*From a Photo.*)

"What a good mother she must have had!" say her friends, of a girl whose feet are particularly small. When a girl is to be married, the question is not, "Is she good, clever, beautiful?" but, "What is the size of her feet?"

Betrothed so early that it is no uncommon thing for a boy of eight to have as "wife" a baby-girl only six months old, the bride-elect is carried off by her future

(generally unkind) mother-in-law to live with her. Once married, many Chinese women of good birth do not leave home for years together. It is improper for them to speak to a man. They have not been considered worth educating, and therefore their lives are spent in an endless, aimless round of embroidering their shoes, painting their faces, eyebrows and eyelashes, building up and decorating their hair, binding and rebinding their feet, cooking sweetmeats, nursing their children, and smoking—often, alas! though secretly, the opium pipe.

Throughout their careers, women are regarded as “moulded out of faults.” If a husband is driven to make mention of his wife, he speaks of her as his “dull thorn,” or by some equally uncomplimentary term. It is not at all uncommon for husbands to punish their wives severely; sometimes, no doubt, under great provocation, for Chinese women, untaught, unloved, uncared for, have all the faults and failings of unreclaimed natures; but at others for little or no reason. The question, “Does your husband beat you?” is very commonly put to English married ladies by Chinese women.

Obedience and propriety are the ideal, the religion of Chinese womanhood. Buddhism teaches her that there is no heaven for one so worthless as a woman; but there is the faint possibility that after a virtuous life and having passed through eighteen hells, she may be reborn on the earth as a little boy. She worships her ancestors on her bridal day by prostrating herself before memorial tablets placed upon a shelf in her room, and perhaps burns incense sticks from time to time in front of an “altar to heaven and earth” built in her garden.

The interior of the women’s apartments, always at the back of the house, is never very inviting. No con-

trivance for warming the rooms by means of fires or stoves exists, except that found in the "*kang*," or brick bed, on which the inmates lie and sit. The Chinese know nothing of the enjoyment of their "ain fireside"; they rely on quilted and fur garments and fire-baskets for warmth in winter. Even on a bright day the room is dim, and the absence of carpets and fireplaces, and of windows, renders it cheerless. Instead of being always rectangular, the doors are sometimes made round, leaf-shaped, or semi-circular; and it is thought desirable they should not open opposite each other, lest evil spirits find their way in from the street! For this reason, too, the narrow Chinese streets are not laid out straight. Each house makes a slight angle with its neighbour, it being considered rather unlucky to have them exactly even. The general arrangement of a Chinese city presents a labyrinth of streets, alleys, and by-ways, very perplexing to a stranger who has neither plan nor directory to guide him, nor number upon the houses or shops to direct him.

Buddhism and Confucianism, the two idolatrous religions of China, as they are practised, foster all that is evil in the Chinese character, which by nature is essentially superstitious, cruel, cunning, and avaricious. However good the maxims of Buddha and Confucius may be, they have taken no moral hold upon their followers.

So great is the sin and want of anything like morality or righteousness among the people, that in the course of a single year in China 10,000 men are executed; and this without the slightest show of feeling on the part of those who pronounce sentence. To a Chinaman, however, death is perhaps preferable to imprisonment in a Chinese dungeon.

A Chinaman has little pity in his heart. He will bargain with a drowning man before trying to save him. Yet, those treated unkindly in their lifetime are honoured after death; and a dutiful son will stint himself for years in order to present his parents with a really handsome coffin on their sixty-first birthday, since it is customary thus to prepare for decease. The dead are not buried at once, but the coffins, which are like trunks of trees hollowed out, are placed in open huts on the hill-sides, and kept there sometimes for months, till "a lucky day" comes when they will bury them.

Miss Leslie thus describes the extraordinary scene in the suburbs of Foo-chow, around the C.E.Z.M.S. house, The Olives:—

"Such curious little paths there are all about here. It is always like crossing a common, only the common, instead of having furze bushes, has *graves* all over it! They seem to cover the whole country. You see a hill-side in the distance with a few Scotch firs upon it, looking as if the rest of the trees had been cut down and their stumps left; but when you get near you find that what you thought stumps are all grave-stones. There are numbers of them quite close to this house; we have to pass through them wherever we go. And there are numbers of unburied coffins, too, among the graves,—some in little houses built for them—others with only a slight basket-work roof. Is it not a sad country?"

When the funeral procession is formed, a man carrying a long streamer of white cloth, known as the "soul-cloth," marches in front, followed by two men bearing banners, on which are inscribed sentences implying a hope that the deceased may be enjoying himself in the company of the blessed. After these comes a man hold-



ing up a white cock, which is supposed to summon the soul to accompany the body; and behind him follow two sedan chairs, in the first of which is carried the ancestral tablet of the dead man, and in the second his portrait. Supporting themselves by the shafts of these sedan chairs, two of the principal mourners drag them-



Sign-post erected at the entrance of a House to indicate that a death has occurred and to avoid evil influences.

selves along. As the procession advances, paper-money is scattered on all sides to appease the hunger of any destitute ghosts which may be haunting the road. With the coffin a pot of rice is lowered into the grave, and grains and tea are scattered over it. As the grave-diggers shovel in earth, the priest takes the white cock,

and, standing at the foot of the tomb, makes the bird bow thrice towards the coffin. This strange rite is repeated by the chief friends of the deceased, and the "soul-cloth" is then burned to ashes.

Ancestral worship consists chiefly in burning incense and paper representations of money and clothes, and whatever else the spirits can be supposed to want in the spirit world, before memorial tablets or at the graves. As much as thirty millions a year are spent by the Chinese upon their dead. But then, if the spirits are not kept quiet with gifts, they might return to earth and avenge themselves. So it is well to keep them in a good temper. One peculiarity of the spirits is that they can only fly straight; so, if a father has murdered his baby-daughter (a not uncommon occurrence), he walks back to his house in zig-zag fashion, so that the little spirit may never find its way home and avenge his cruelty.

While Confucianism is the basis of the social life and political system of China; while temples crowded with images of Buddha expounding his doctrine to attentive listeners abound everywhere in China,<sup>1</sup> all the educated Chinese, theoretically at least, are atheists or fatalists. There flows through China to-day "a full, unchecked torrent of human depravity, a kind and degree of moral degradation of which an adequate conception can scarcely be formed."<sup>2</sup>

The Chinese disregard of truth has, perhaps, done more to lower their character than any other fault.

<sup>1</sup> Taoism, the third religion which holds sway in China, does not make the same pretension to popularity as do the other two faiths.

<sup>2</sup> Prof. R. K. Douglas. *Society in China*, 1894.

They feel no shame at being detected in a lie, nor do they fear any punishment from their gods for it. In addition to this want of moral backbone, and the cowardice with which a superstitious dread of spirits imbues them, the Chinese character is in thousands of instances undermined and ruined by the fearful habit of opium-smoking. In one great city, Soo-chow, as many as seven out of ten of the men are opium smokers. And this means that the craving has so fastened itself upon the victim that he will literally sell himself, soul and body, for the drug. He becomes an emaciated living corpse. His only home and dying bed is the opium den and couch.

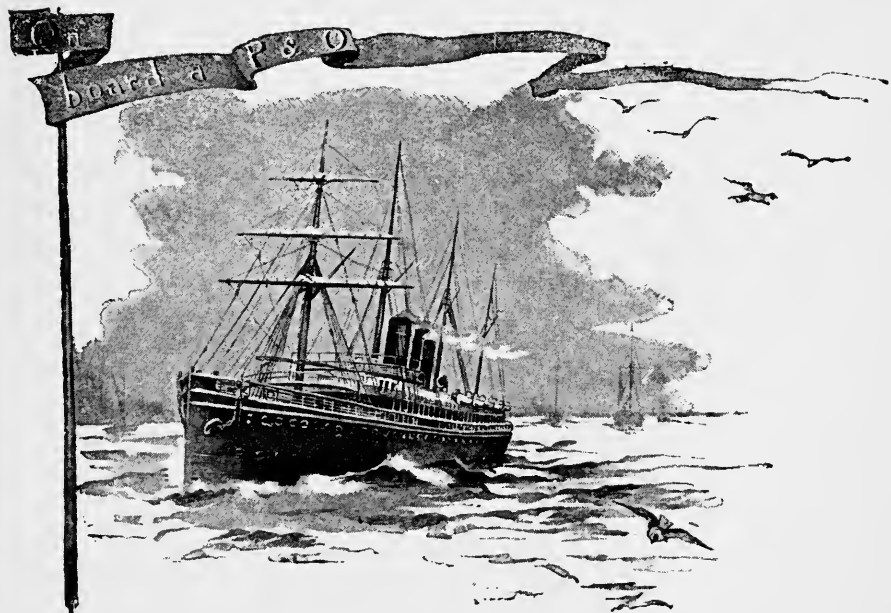
Yes, to the Asiatic traveller "Far Cathay" is an intensely interesting problem. Whether looked at from an historical, commercial or political point of view, it cannot fail to strike him as being the most remarkable country in the world. But to the CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY, China with its vast multitudes of heathen, its dark systems of religion, its degradation of woman, its disregard of human life, and the sin and suffering of its poorer classes—"stowed as ballast on steamers, crowded like cattle on sampan boats, from birth to old age"—is a heart-rending, soul-stirring spectacle.

A million a month are dying without God. Fourteen hundred of them have sunk into Christless graves during the last hour. Thirty-three thousand will pass to-day for ever beyond our reach. Despatch a missionary to-morrow, and one million and a quarter of immortal souls for whom Christ died will have passed to their final account before he can reach their shores. A low wail of helpless, hopeless misery, "a cry as of pain," is arising from China—one-half of the heathen world. What shall

the answer be—from you? from me? Has it pierced our ears? Has it moved our hearts?

\* . \* \* \*

Some among us have heard that cry, and “counting not their lives dear unto them” have entered the great walled land, prepared to lay them out or lay them down in winning China for Christ. In yonder glory there is a martyr-band whose crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus will be a cluster of firstfruits of the Gospel from far Fuh-kien. And to-day a little company of women are still teaching and winning, yearning over and bringing to the Saviour’s feet their Chinese sisters who for long years have “sat in darkness and the shadow of death” BEHIND THE GREAT WALL.



## CHAPTER II

### THE VOYAGE AND THE LANGUAGE

*"Oh, use me for Thy glory! Thy harvest fields are white,  
And blinded souls are rushing on away into the night.  
Oh, lend me voice a few more days to point them to the Light!"*

—E. H. WILLIS.

FUHKIEN ("happily established"), one of the smallest of all China's eighteen provinces, is a country in itself. In size it equals England without Wales. Its population of 14,000,000 is distributed in towns and villages of 1,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, and these lie so closely crowded together that within *one hour's* walk of

Dang-Seng (a C.E.Z.M.S. station in the south) EIGHTY-six such "hamlets" may be visited. A sea-board province, washed by the waters of the China Sea and Pacific Ocean on the south and east, it is bordered on the north-west by the famous Bohea hills that supply the bulk of the black tea sold in our English market. One of the most familiar sights in Fuh-kien is the constant stream of tea-carriers to the ports; men and women trudging down the steep winding footpaths of the mountain sides, carrying their tremendous loads—80 to 100 lbs. of tea—on each end of a bamboo pole, balanced across their shoulders, after the fashion of an English milkman's "yoke." The glorious river Min flowing between Swiss-like scenery through Fuh-kien forms its great water highway for traffic to all parts. This province contains, perhaps, the most vigorous, restless, enterprising, and yet most heathenish population of China.

Although the whole number of places in the province of Fuh-kien where Protestants have opened their work in one form and another is now over two hundred and fifty, under seven separate Societies, countless towns and even districts are still unreached by the *Fuh-yin* (Glad Message). It was in view of the dire need of millions of unevangelized heathen women that the C.E.Z.M.S. yielded to the earnest pleas that reached them, and in 1883 sent their first "Chinese" missionary, Miss Gough, now wife of the Rev. J. C. Hoare, Ningpo, to the help of those honoured servants of God now called up higher, the Rev. Robert W. and Mrs. Stewart at Foo-chow.

Foo-chow, the capital of Fuh-kien, with a population of 600,000, at the mouth of the Min, is one of the five treaty ports opened so reluctantly to the hated foreigners

in 1842, and was first entered by the C.M.S. in 1850. Ten years of missionary effort in this dark, idolatrous city passed amid persistent opposition and unbroken discouragement, and without *one* conversion. To-day (1896) upwards of 6,000 have been baptized in Foo-chow city and district, and 7,000 are under instruction; there are more than 200 native teachers and 190 schools in the Fuh-kien province, and to those headquarters at Foo-chow we have been enabled to send altogether since 1883 thirty-eight lady missionaries to be located in any of the nine *Hiens* (counties) where the need is greatest.

Reminiscences of the first voyage out, as given by some of our Fuh-kien band, show that the missionary spirit effervesces and overflows on board the English vessel long before the Chinese shore is reached. Writing from the s.s. *Derbyshire*, Dec. 7th, 1890, an outgoing missionary says :—

“We thought two services in the day would be enough for the men, and were surprised when the steward brought a message from the boatswain to say that if the ladies were going to have singing in the evening, they would like to come. So we had a third happy service on the poop-deck, plenty of hymns, and a missionary sister spoke earnestly and clearly about receiving the Lord Jesus on board the ship of our lives as our *Captain*, of the Bible as our *Chart*, of the Holy Spirit as our *Compass*, and then asked the kind of *Cargo* we were carrying. When the meeting was over, five of us went to our cabin to pray that the words of the others who were talking singly to some of the men might be blessed. In a little while a sister came in with a very bright face to tell us that one for whom we

prayed has quite decided to live for Christ's service now. You can fancy how glad this news made us!"

When once at her destination "behind the Great Wall," our missionary has to wrestle with Dictionary and Manual for many a day, and then will have conquered only one dialect.

Certainly a Chinaman ought never to be at a loss for a word, since his generous mother tongue supplies him with a vocabulary of forty thousand, each represented in writing by a different pictorial character. Six thousand of these *must* be learned by any one who wishes to talk intelligibly. And this means exercise for throat as well as memory, for some of those absolutely necessary characters have sixteen different meanings each, according to pronunciation or tone of voice.

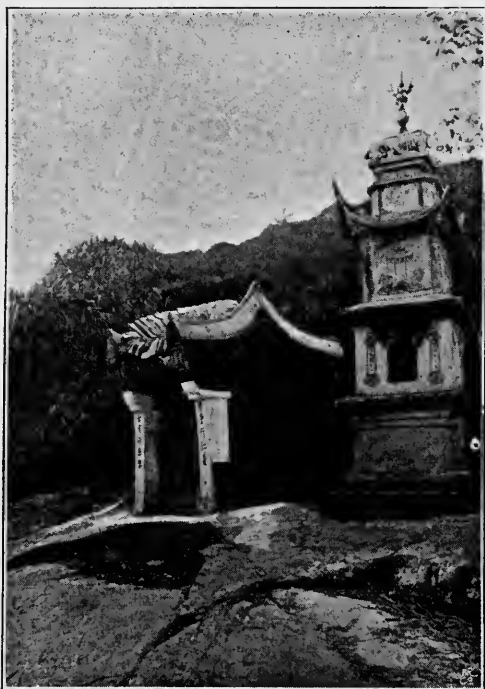
A *character* in Chinese does not mean a *letter*, but stands for a word. Originally these characters were pictures: as, for instance, the Chinese way of representing "peace" was by a picture of a woman being extinguished! But these pictorial characters are now mere signs, so like each other, and yet different in some small particular, that it is very difficult to carry the difference in memory. Yet, to read a book—the Bible, for example—in Chinese, means that you know every character used in the book. Mrs. Stewart, writing soon after her arrival in China, tells us: <sup>1</sup>—

"Even the characters that I think I know as well as possible I quite forget, unless I keep going over them continually. The servants begin to understand me, but sometimes the man-cook looks surprised and amused, and then I discover that I have been telling him to put

<sup>1</sup> *Robert and Louisa Stewart*, p. 154.



carrots in the pudding, when I thought I was saying raisins. And another day, I thought I was assuring him that in England we put sugar in our puddings, and found out that I had said *soup*! The word is the same;



Idol Shrine by wayside and Oven for burning all waste written or printed character, for which the Chinese have great reverence.

the tone you say it in makes the difference. Every syllable has seven tones."

Miss Leslie, in a letter home, graphically describes lessons with her Chinese tutor:—

"Hammering away at the tones is all we are doing at present; this sort of thing: the teacher says 'Eng' in a high voice, and I have to imitate him; then he says it in a low, firm voice—then in an ascending way, like asking a question, then in four other ways each meaning something different. He goes over this about fifty times, and then chooses another monosyllable, and the whole thing begins again. You don't understand what the meanings are generally; so you can fancy what uninteresting work it is, and one cannot ask any question to make a variety because the teacher doesn't understand a word of English. There is a sing-song Table of Tones which would sound very amusing to you. It is composed of 15 initials and 33 finals which you put together, and when you have gone through it you have said  $33 \times 15 = 495$  syllabic sounds; these multiplied by the 8 tones gives you 3,960. That makes one see the use and importance of the things, but they certainly are very tiresome at first. Lectures on the language before coming out would be delightful for missionaries."

Our lady missionaries during their first year would perhaps heartily endorse Dr. Milne's opinion: "To acquire the Chinese is a work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak, hands of spring steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methuselah!"

If the "tones" are such a difficulty for the educated foreigner to acquire, the "characters" prove an almost insuperable obstacle for their ignorant native women pupils to learn. And one of the most valuable traces of the late Rev. R. W. Stewart's work *in* China and *for* China is the introduction of the "Romanized colloquial" or Ro-

manized system of writing Chinese.<sup>1</sup> Through Mr. Stewart's labours and enthusiasm the New Testament has been published by the British and Foreign Bible Society in Roman character in the Foo-chow vernacular. Of "Stewart's system" the founder himself writes to Dr. Wright on June 24th, 1895, as follows :—

"I can truly say that the success we are now seeing surpasses my expectations. My wife yesterday had in her Sunday class a country woman, naturally distinctly stupid, who for three months had learned this system. My wife had not seen her for three or four months; she then could not read a word of her Bible, but now she held aloft a (Romanized version) New Testament, and cried, 'I can read it all! I can read it all! I am so happy!' A station class of women learning Romanised can begin to read the New Testament, spelling the words over slowly, at the close of six weeks, and therefore in the remaining six weeks (of the three months' training given), whilst learning to read, they are at the same time being taught the life of our LORD, and at the end of the three months can not only pass an examination, but, besides being able to read the whole of the New Testament when they leave the school, can from time to time write an account of their work to their teacher."

It is not surprising that Mr. Stewart should "beg on behalf of Kien-ning" for a Romanized version in its dialect, so materially different from that of Foo-chow.

"They are worse off than we are," he writes, "for they

<sup>1</sup> For illustrations of old and new systems, and an interesting account of the translator, see *The Bible Society Monthly Reporter*, Sept., 1895.

have no colloquial character, and the C.E.Z.M.S. five ladies now in the district have, in consultation with our C.M.S. man, drawn up a system. They (two of them) have also given the last twelve months up to translating the New Testament into this Romanized colloquial. This means tremendous labour. . . . They have spared no pains, keeping a special Chinese teacher for the purpose and testing his colloquial by trying it with the native women. . . ."

It was peculiarly significant in the light of after-events that this last request should have been made on behalf of those who were his murderers.

The manuscript has been completed, and since the honoured writer of the above was called up higher, the Bible Society, recognising in the translator's death a call to "redouble its efforts to spread the gospel of love among these misguided Chinamen," who "never knew a God who was not as cruel as themselves," determined to print the New Testament in the Kien-ning dialect, without waiting for funds.<sup>1</sup>

Often have come requests for prayer from China for the men who have taught our missionaries the language. At Nang-wa recently the Rev. H. S. Phillips (C.M.S.) had the joy of baptizing Mr. Sia, the native teacher of Miss Newcombe, of the C.E.Z.M.S. He says:—

"His face shone with a light that seemed more than natural. An immense crowd of heathen were present, among them five or six other teachers. It was a tre-

<sup>1</sup> The Dublin Mission friends have subscribed sufficient money for the Gospel of St. John as their memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart.

mendous step, and one almost trembles for him, were one not sure that in spite of the persecution which will certainly come, his childlike faith in the Saviour will carry him through. As far as man can see, he is most *thoroughly converted.*"

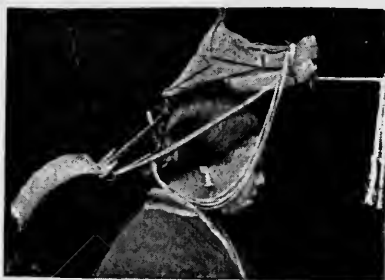
This teacher, Sia-Sing-Sing, was the means of Miss Newcombe and Miss Johnson spending a night within the walls of Kien-ning city, which has been closed for twelve years against any Christian teachers.

## CHAPTER III

### VISITING IN THE VILLAGES

*"HE went round about the villages, teaching."*—MARK vi. 6.

*"Telling of His salvation from day to day."*—PS. xcvi. 2 (P.B.V.).



A Village Woman's Head-dress.

ONE of the experiences of the lady missionary in the Fuh-kien province is itinerating among the numerous villages that surround Foo-chow, Kucheng, and other mission centres. Her adventures are always

more or less exciting, and, although sometimes they may be a little alarming, are certainly unique. The following descriptions of itinerating tours are a sample of what may be found in the jottings and journals, the home-letters and reports of each C.E.Z.M.S. missionary from her first day in "the field" to the present moment:—

"Our visits to these villages are not without their touches of humour. The usual greeting between the hours of 2 and 6 p.m. is, 'Have you eaten your dinner yet?' When we are invited to come in and drink tea, we are subjected to a whole volley of questions, such as :

‘Can your eyes see treasure in the earth?’ ‘Do you throw your deceased relations in the river instead of burying them?’ (this coming with great horror from people given up to ancestral worship). ‘Do you shave the outskirts of your head and eyebrows?’ ‘You who have so much silver in your country, why do you not wear earrings and bracelets?’ ‘How many children have you?’ and then hearing we are not married, ‘How happy you are!’ ‘Did you come over to this country in a sedan chair?’ etc., etc.”

Visiting what we would term one house literally means going in amongst twenty to thirty women, so that hours could be spent in one house alone. In China it is possible to have living together two or three daughters-in-law and two or three grand-daughters-in-law, with their husbands and children. Here is a description of one excursion to the village of Cui-Kau, about thirty miles from Kucheng, made in the summer of 1887 by Miss Inie Newcombe and Mrs. Stewart:—

“The road goes right over the hills, most beautiful scenery all the way. For the first few hours, however, we saw but little, as the rain came down in torrents, such as we seldom know at home, and we were obliged to have the rain curtains down. It made the path very slippery for the coolies, and we got on but slowly. Indeed, Mrs. Stewart’s front coolie stumbled down in quite a serious corner, but he held bravely on to the chair until the third coolie could help him up, and then what might have been a serious accident was prevented.

“Next morning we spent in the house, doing a little Chinese, and talking to the women who came to see the foreign ladies and the new house. The visitors amused

us by their questions. If a stranger joins our group who has not heard the former questions, some one gives her a rapid summary of what they have heard, beginning with our *ages*. They examine our clothes; the way our hair is arranged, and our watches are an endless source of wonder. They do enjoy listening to the 'tick, tick,' and trying to imitate the sound. It is some time before they can listen to a little talk; but by patience we always get a hearing at last.

"Next morning we started on a round of visits to the different Christian houses. Patience (a native Bible-woman) was our guide. We did not keep count of the houses, but we did not get through till nearly two o'clock, and we did not pay long visits. At each house we were provided with tea, cakes, and sweetmeats—not simply one, but each woman in the house brought in her tray, and we had to take something off each dish. As there were often three or four women in a house, this hospitality became alarming, particularly as they will not take a refusal. Fortunately it is not a breach of etiquette to pocket what you cannot eat; and we had afterwards a good laugh over the assortment of 'goodies' we turned out as the spoil taken in our morning's visiting.

"We cannot thus dispose of tea, and it became serious to think of the amount we must have got through that day, though we only took a couple of mouthfuls from each cup."

Meals and feasts are certainly among the trials of itinerating!

In one house, "little bowls were brought in with china spoons full of some liquid, and queer-shaped objects float-



ing about. Upon attacking these bravely we found they were made of paste filled with chopped cabbage (I think). They were sweet and rather nasty. Fortunately," says Miss Leslie, "it is quite polite to pass on things to your neighbours, so you can very politely get rid of anything you like. You can imagine that a tiny boy who was near me had his bowl always well filled! One little scene I shall never forget! A dish of little shell-fish was brought in. We saw in each other's faces a kind of look which meant, 'Yes! it *must* be done; but let me get up



A Chinese Cook.

some courage *first!*' when quickly the hostess seized one with her chop-sticks, and it was at Miss Strong's lips. She opened them very bravely, but I must say it would have been worth a photographer's while to have been on the spot to catch her expression."

Spending a week in travelling by sedan chairs from village to village, crowds of heathen women flock together to see the *gunions* (i.e., unmarried ladies). On one such trip a missionary relates that about one hundred came into the room where she was going to sleep, and

again in the morning before she was up. It is then, amongst those great crowds of women, that the sense of "death" all around and utter incapability of meeting such intense spiritual need is borne in upon the soul of the *guniong*. As recently as 1895 one of our itinerating missionaries tells us :—

"Yesterday, when we were having dinner, a poor old heathen woman came up to see us, and before we could stop her, she had knelt down to worship us. It seemed awful to think of such darkness."

We take these jottings from the private pocket diary of another of our band visiting the river-side villages on the Min :—

"*April 30.*—Started in a junk ; the sail broke, but soon another boat was hailed, and ourselves, fellow-passengers, and pigs, were soon on board. Wind against us ; delayed six hours—a good way to get to like Chinese cakes, for we had nothing else to eat. Afternoon and evening, women kept coming in ; never-ceasing opportunities to 'be instant.'

"*May 1.*—A disturbed night of thunderstorm and rain. The latter poured into our premises, but our convenient 'board' (bed) soon was moved into shelter. To-day visited a village three *lis* off—more like four ordinary villages . . . *such* crowds of women I think I have not yet seen.

"*May 2.*—Started early walking, as no chairs could be found. Had a long steep climb ; stopped at a village for chairs, had very good times with the women. Very rough and steep paths leading us down again to sea-level here. Arrived in the afternoon, rather tired, but crowds

of men on one side and women on the other awaited us. As soon as our bowls of rice were finished we went in to them.

"May 3 and 4.—No time to write. Up early, awakened by our friends on the ladder. We ate our rice amongst many observers. The *tiang-dong* (guest-room) filled with women only. After two hours we left them, and went into the village itself, the catechist coming with me. First one idol temple, then another, we saw filled twice over. A third opportunity of speaking from a shop window, having retired there for our rice. Stopped three times on the way back . . . though many others asked us to wait, there was no time. One's heart *ached* for the numbers of *old* women so near eternity who had never heard of Christ."

Deeply interesting and very graphic accounts of village visiting have appeared in *India's Women* from time to time (see *Index*). But some of our missionaries while on furlough have supplied fresh details for our pages regarding this important branch of work.

"Last June" (1895), says Miss Codrington, "I and my Bible-woman visited a mountain village in answer to an earnest invitation. A little furnished house was placed at our disposal, every attention shown us, and we spent a most blessed and happy week there.

"We were both surprised at the knowledge of God shown by the women, as well as by the unusually loving welcome given us. No foreign missionary had stayed there before. Who had told our heathen sisters so much of the Good Tidings? One dear woman had been on a visit to Sa-Yong the previous year. There she heard about Jesus. God opened her heart to receive the Word,

and she went back to her village, like the Samaritan woman of old, to tell what the Lord had spoken to her, and to invite others to 'come and see.' There is quite a nice little church of men and women in that village now."

Miss B. Newcombe has kindly written for our pages a graphic retrospect of wayside sowing and reaping in Fuh-kien.

"Kien-ning-fu, capital of a large prefecture in the N.W. of the Fuh-kien province, is a city that has been, from its first contact with Christianity, determinedly opposed to it; so here in the seat of war we may well look for the 'Victory that hath overcome the world,' and we shall not look in vain. The dragon *may* war and his angels, but, praise God! in this nineteenth century and in China it is true, as ever, 'they prevail not' (see Rev. xii. 7, 8). Many years ago an attempt was made to plant the Gospel in this city. A small house was rented, and a native catechist, with one or two helpers, sent to occupy it. At first all seemed promising well. There was daily preaching in the front hall opening on to the street, and many Gospels and tracts were sold in the city. But the yearly examinations were coming on, and students from all the district round were gathered in the city. These men, moved with hatred at the sight of a 'Jesus Hall' in the very midst of their city, 'took unto them certain vile fellows of the rabble, and gathering a crowd, set the city on an uproar.' They assaulted the 'Jesus Hall,' and utterly demolished it, and bringing out the catechist in charge (Mr. Ling, husband of Chitnio) and his helpers, they beat them and otherwise treated them so cruelly and shamefully that the catechist never recovered, but died shortly afterwards. Among the ruins of the 'Jesus

Hall' the literary men of Kien-ning city erected a memorial tablet, with an inscription of four words, 'Chue cia, cong ciang,' which means 'Abolish the false, keep the true'; and underneath an explanation relating how they had abolished the false foreign doctrine, and how they were determined 'to keep the true old Confucian doctrine, and never, never to allow "the foreigners' Jesus" to have a hall in their city again.' 'The dragon warred and his angels,' and it almost seemed as if they had prevailed. But God's Word still stands true. 'They prevailed not.' How then was the victory won?

"'The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands;' so to-day, although there is as yet no 'Jesus Hall' of wood or stone in that city, yet there is a living temple where He dwells. The first convert from that city, an educated man of good family named Sia, on the day of his baptism took the Christian name of 'Cong-ciang,' the last two of the four characters mentioned above—'Keep the True,'—giving as his reason that these words, which had for so long stood in that city bearing a false witness, he would like to have the honour of bearing now as a true witness to Jesus—not 'the foreigners' Saviour,' but the 'Saviour of the world'—and indeed his witness in that city has been brave and faithful.

"I would like to give another instance of the 'victory that hath overcome,' this time not from a great city, but from a country village, and one which was indeed also a stronghold of Satan. When we first visited the village of *Uang-tiang* about five years ago, truly it did seem to be tremendously under the power of Satan. In no place do I remember meeting with so much opposition and unconcealed hatred. Many a time have we walked up and down the streets and lanes of that village, and no

one would ask us into their houses. They seemed determined to have nothing to do with us, would not listen to our words or buy our books. To-day how is it with that village? There is scarcely a house in it where we are not welcome visitors. I look back now to an afternoon when in that village a crowd of heathen women gathered *close* round the foreign 'sisters,' and listened eagerly for hours to the old, old story of Jesus and His love, which was such a new, new story to them. And surely the loving heart of the Saviour was 'moved with compassion' as He saw the tears trickling down those hard, furrowed cheeks when they listened for the first time to the truth, 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me'; 'He saved others, Himself He cannot save,' and heard the deep-drawn sighs and the exclamations, 'How good He was! How we ought to love Him!' or, 'How He must have loved us!' from those who knew little enough of love in their lives.

"Last July the first two converts from that village were baptized, both women. There are from fifteen to twenty who meet together every Lord's Day (although they have as yet no teacher), to worship God and to pray to Him. Their little prayer-meetings (for they cannot read enough to use a form of prayer) are very touching and real. There are no silent members—they all pray one by one.

"1 Cor. xiv. 24, 25, had a remarkable fulfilment in that village. A heathen man came in, and was so moved at the way they '*all* prophesied,' each one lovingly and earnestly entreating him to put his trust in God, and then, making him kneel down and kneeling around him, all prayed one by one, asking for the one thing that God would save this brother, that on his return home the

same evening (to another village four miles away) he destroyed all his idols, and wrote to the Mission at Nang-wa asking that some one might be sent to teach him. His family since then have also believed.

"To what is the change in this village of Uang-tiang due? What have been the tools in the mighty hand of God? One poor man's prayers, and one poor woman's life. At Nang-wa, nine miles away, there is a weekly Christians' prayer-meeting, at which they bring their petitions unitedly to God. I so well remember, time after time, one poor old infirm man praying, 'O God, bless my Uang-tiang village,' and in the book of Requests and Answers which was faithfully kept week by week, looking back we could see recorded, 'Meng-geng asked prayer for Uang-tiang'; 'Meng-geng asked prayer for Uang-tiang.' Surely the 'joy in harvest' will be his. Then in Uang-tiang itself lived a *very* poor woman who heard the Gospel and believed through a relative. The persecutions she had to go through, and the meekness and gentleness with which she bore all, her love, her earnestness, and her never-ceasing entreaties to all whom she knew to come and prove for themselves how good her God was to those who trusted in Him, have not been in vain. She has indeed 'gone on her way' many a time 'weeping, bearing forth her seed,' and can we not almost see her 'coming again with joy, bringing her sheaves with her'?"

During six months five of our missionary sisters have visited as many as sixty villages. When writing home in 1895, the Rev. R. W. Stewart said, in reference to the band of C.E.Z.M.S. ladies working happily under his direction in the districts around Kucheng: "For eight years there was not one lady worker, and now we have

four centres worked by nine ladies. Some one will say: 'Nine ladies! what a number!' I must therefore explain that these two districts are together about equal in size to Wales, and far more populous. Is nine ladies then a large number for such a region? Why, you would have as many as that in your village Sunday-school at home! We do badly need nine more; may they soon come!" These nine "are overtaxing their strength—they are working too hard," he said. "If you do not go and help, they will die!"

Little space remains in which to tell of visiting in the city—an equally important, equally urgent, and, thank God, equally encouraging work. Miss F. Mead, who in 1890 accompanied Mrs. Ahok on her sudden homeward journey to Foo-chow, as the first lady to respond to that Chinese lady's earnest appeal for more missionary sisters, in addition to day-school work, has devoted herself to patient house-to-house visitation of middle and high-class women in the city, with most cheering results. In the short space of three years she had paid 962 visits in Foo-chow, and when it is remembered that in some cases as many as forty persons dwell in one house, it will be seen how large an area has been sown with Gospel seed. During Miss Mead's enforced absence from China in 1895, Miss Leslie, and afterwards Miss B. Cooper, continued this work with untiring and prayerful energy, not only entering the many doors open already, but gaining entrance to many more.

One of these workers stationed at Foo-chow says:—

"Another inhabitant of this house is a good old Christian servant whose duty it is to go in the morning and find out at what houses we can teach in the after-



noon. She said to me the other day, '*Guniong*, when the visiting first began, I used to be turned away at one house after another. I went on trying and praying, and at last perhaps *two* little houses would consent to have a visit. *Now*, when you and I talk about where to go, there are so many to choose from, and so many invitations, that we don't know where to begin. We *must* have some more *guniongs*!' she said, and I most heartily agree with the dear old thing. It is perfectly impossible for one person to enter one-tenth of the open doors here; and though I have not been two months in this work yet, I am already longing for more women's and girls' schools to be started."

## CHAPTER IV

### CHINESE WOMEN THEIR OWN EVANGELISTS

*"An Oriental gentleman, after listening to an able address from a native pastor, made the following comment:—Once a forest was told that a load of axeheads had come to cut it down. 'It does not matter in the least,' said the forest; 'they will never succeed.' When, however, it heard that some of its own branches had become handles to the axeheads it said, 'Now we have no longer any chance.' So, said this man, as long as we had only foreigners to deal with, we were safe; but now that everywhere our own countrymen are enlisted on that side, certainly our faiths are doomed."*

—From "A New Thing," by F. WILLIAMS, C.I.M.



The Wife of a Mandarin in Foo-chow, visited by Miss Mead, surrounded by the inevitable accompaniments of a Chinese lady: viz., her pipe, cup of tea, fan, etc.

SEVEN-EIGHTHS of all who have been brought to Christ in China have been won by the efforts of converted Chinese. In a little pink booklet called *A Voice from China*, by which the beloved Mrs. Stewart of Foo-chow "yet speaketh," we find the high value set upon native agency by those who best knew the needs of "great, dark, hungry China." Of all methods, the one which lay nearest Mrs. Stewart's heart, and on which she expended a lifetime of labour and love, was the train-

ing of native Bible-women. As patiently as any infant-school teacher in England, did Mrs. Stewart teach these classes of converted Chinese women simple texts and prayers and portions of God's Word day by day, that they might become missionaries to their fellow-country-women. Writing in 1886, she said:—

“This we felt to be the best hope for reaching the vast numbers filling the numerous towns and villages throughout our province, and accordingly some eight years ago we commenced a small Training Home in the city of Foo-chow.

“At first only three women could come, but after some years the effort was so far successful that we had to build a house to hold twelve, and later on, to our great joy, we were obliged to put up for them a still larger house, to hold twenty-four, and it has since been always full.

“Our first object in the Home is to teach the Christian women themselves the truth ‘more perfectly,’ and then to train them to teach others, and to express their thoughts clearly.

“Practical training they also get by visiting in the heathen villages round about. This work originated with themselves. At our daily mid-day prayer meeting these dear women had long been pleading with God on behalf of their heathen sisters in the surrounding villages.”

It was in this interesting and deeply important work that the first C.E.Z.M.S. missionary to China, Miss Gough, was called to share; and in 1885, within two years of her arrival in the country, she tells us:—

“At the end of February we re-opened the school (the Chinese New Year holidays being over), with our number

increased to 20; and, at the close of the term (June 27, 1885), we had 23 women in the school.

"These we had divided into three classes for some of the lessons. Mrs. Lloyd has been teaching the first class in Exodus, and Chitnio the third class in New Testament history. My class—the second—is composed of seven women, whom I have taught from a book called the *Picture Bible*, which gives some of the principal facts of Old and New Testament history. Our study has been the former.

"Four hours in the week Chitnio and I teach the Romanized colloquial to a large class of the women, and in the evenings Chitnio has the whole school together for a Scripture lesson from St. Luke's Gospel.

"I am often cheered by the warm interest which many of the women in the school seem to take in this work (though only five or six of the elder women actually go out to visit), and by the warm welcome which they always give to any heathen women who come to see the school.

"They often remember their heathen country-women in prayer, and I look upon the village work as a very important part of their training for future work in the mission-field."

The name of Chitnio, or Mrs. Ling, the widow of a clergyman of the Church of England, who as a catechist in Kien-ning city was tortured almost to death for JESUS CHRIST's sake, often occurs in our missionaries' letters. This Bible-woman of Foo-chow, a devoted, whole-hearted convert, has most touchingly told her own life-story in English.<sup>1</sup> Part of it runs thus:—

<sup>1</sup> "Chitnio's Story." *India's Women*, March, 1892.

"One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.

"I was twelve years old when I went into the school at Singapore.<sup>1</sup> My family were all heathen; I had never heard a word about God or Christ. I was very earnest in worshipping the idols, and very, very ignorant. My mother died when I was eleven. Two of my cousins went into the Chinese Girls' Mission School, of which I had never heard. It is Miss Cooke's school, open for heathen girls to be taught there about the way of salvation. My cousins had been in the school about two months when my aunt told me about it, and asked me if I would like to go there too. I was very glad, and quite surprised, and said, 'Is there a *girls'* school? What is it for? and what do they teach?'

"My aunt said, 'They teach you to read, to write, to sew, and to cook.'

"I was quite delighted, and wanted to go at once. I asked my father if I could go.

"My father said, 'As long as I live, I will not let you go. If I die, I should not see you; then you may do what you like.'

"A few weeks after that he died, knowing nothing of the doctrine of Christ. We never heard anything of the doctrine before the last twenty-six years. I am so thankful to God for that school! I was glad and happy, instead of being sad, when my father died. I thought now I could go to school—nobody would hinder me.

"Before I went into the school some people had told me, 'You may learn what they teach you, only do not become a Christian; the doctrine is very bad.' I did not

<sup>1</sup> The late Miss Cooke's FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE EAST SOCIETY School.

know what it was. I think the same story told to me must be believed now. They said when a Christian died his eyes were pulled out, and his feet and hands cut off.

"I had been six months in the school when suddenly the light of Jesus Christ shone into my heart. I believed Him, and wanted to be baptized.

"Some of the girls came in to tell me that my aunt was very, very angry with me. I knelt down to pray before I went out to see her. I asked God to give me help and strength, that I might be faithful, and not deny Christ. I told my aunt that I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and wanted to be baptized.

"My aunt begged me not to be baptized, and wanted me to go home with her.

"My second aunt, my third brother, my cousins—all came to the school to see me, and tried as hard as they could to persuade me to go home for a few days for the Chinese New Year.

"If I had gone they would never have let me come back again to the school. I think it was wonderful how God helped me, and kept me faithful all the time.

"My aunt was so sad—she cried till one of her eyes became quite blind. She is still living in Singapore. She has heard this doctrine, but is not converted. My brother, my friends and relations, were all quite angry with me. They did not give me my clothes, or money, or anything.

"I was baptized when I was twelve years old, but never went home. The school fed me and clothed me, till Miss A.L.O.E. (*i.e.* the late Miss Tucker) supported me.

"I was married when I was twenty-three to a Chinese clergyman in Foo-chow, belonging to the C.M.S. Mission,

who came to Singapore to marry me; and I came with him to China to work for the Master. When I had been married two years my husband left me, and went to glory in heaven. He was a very good, earnest, and faithful man. His work is finished—he is most happy now in that beautiful, blessed home above.

“I feel really that the Lord hath called me to come here to be a witness for Him to these people.”

Those who met Mrs. Stewart will remember how delighted she was to find a ready listener for stories of her unique Boarding School for married women, “some of them learning lessons with baby in arms; many of them, with true heroism known to God alone, had walked weary miles with their ‘poor little feet,’ as they called them.”<sup>1</sup>

The poor little mother enters upon a life so utterly different from anything ever before experienced, that it is small wonder if for a week or two her stupidity seems hopeless. But after a time a brighter look comes into the dull features, and it becomes an intense joy to the *guniong* to watch the gradual development of each pupil from week to week.

Miss Strong, in sketching for our pages her work in the Bible-women’s School, Foo-chow, says:—

“With regard to the period of preparation, it may seem strange to some that we are able to get married

<sup>1</sup> For the first two years of missionary life in China, the *guniong*, when itinerating, is always attended by a Christian Chinese Bible-woman, who acts as her interpreter as well as escort. The Bible-women cost £6 a year only, travelling expenses included. What a good investment of £6!

women to leave home, and reside with us for two years (the usual time of training). In China, however, this is not considered peculiar; and then we have, of course, the co-operation of the husband, who is not unwilling that his wife should be taught.

“At the outset of the training such little books are made use of as the *Ong-Dak* (a simple catechism), the *Hundred Texts*, and the *Bible Picture Book*—all of which are a preparation for the study of the Word of God itself, our aim being that these dear women should have ‘the sincere milk of the Word.’ From reading (in the Romanized colloquial) we go on to writing; and in the spring of 1894, out of twenty-four women under training, I had a large class who were patiently working at their copybooks, and looking forward eagerly to the day when they would be able to write letters to the *guniong* from their homes in the country. And has that aim been fulfilled? Yes, indeed—very precious is this news from a far country, which lies before me as I write in the shape of letters from one and another who has been through the school, and is now bearing witness for her Master in some dark city or town. One dear little woman, a catechist’s wife, writes: ‘I want you to pray for me, that God’s Holy Spirit may help me to be a light to lighten the unbelievers.’ She is working in a large city, two days’ journey from Foo-chow, where there is very great darkness.

“But above all other things we desire that our dear sisters may ‘walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing.’

“One sister, Uong-Daik, had been with us some time, and had, we felt sure, given her heart to the Lord. Yet, in spite of her great diligence, something seemed to be lacking in her life. She was not ‘increasing in the





(Miss Strong.)

C.E.Z.M.S. BIBLE-WOMEN'S SCHOOL, FOO-CHOW.  
(Chitnio in centre of group.)



knowledge of God,' and so her words failed to have any effect upon others. One of the missionaries, who took her out one day to visit a heathen village, said: 'She knows what to say to the people, but her heart is not in it.' We made her a matter of special prayer, and after a while both Chitnio and I noticed a very great change in Uong-Daik—her life seemed quite different. Later on she again accompanied the same missionary to some heathen homes, and the latter said: 'She is so changed now. She speaks to the people as if she longed that they might accept the truth.' Uong-Daik is now established as Bible-woman in the village of Liang-Au, where she is doing excellent work in teaching a small Girls' Day-School, and visiting the surrounding heathen homes.

"Another matter, for which we have special cause to be thankful, is that so many of the women, while in school, learn to unbind their feet. We do not make unbinding a compulsory matter, but rather seek to show them that it is a Christian duty to do so. And we find that the very act of giving up, for conscience sake, this custom (so dear to the heart of a Chinese woman) has a bracing effect upon her own character, and cannot fail to render her influence more telling upon others.

"When a woman or girl whose feet have been bound a long time is going to set them free, she has generally to lie down for three weeks or so before she is able to stand upon them in their altered circumstances. If the bones are broken, the foot never recovers completely; and, as this is very often the case, they have generally to be bound in a certain degree, but in a *very* different way. The feet soon become much larger, and the shoes worn are quite another shape.

"It must not be supposed that *all* the women who

undergo training become Bible-women in the strict sense of the word. Probably less than one-third of those who leave the school are supported by foreign agency. What about the others? After their two years of school-life they return to their homes—but what a difference do we see! Visiting the home of such a woman, we find her spending her spare time in quietly going in and out among her heathen neighbours, or, on Sundays, gathering them together, and teaching them the precious truths she has herself learnt in school. Who shall attempt to place a limit to such influence? As I write, the face of one such dear woman rises up before me. We called her in school the Diang-Daing Huoi-Mu, Diang-Daing being the name of her village. I visited her there one day after she had left us. Her worldly goods were very few, but she was rich in faith, and her untiring energy in passing the truth on to others was beautiful to witness.

“Those who are destined to become Bible-women have a longer time of school-training, then a period of testing in their own homes, before being finally appointed to their work. Several of those in the group (p. 49) taken June, 1894, have since left the school, and are now doing valuable work as Bible-women in various centres. But, oh! how they need our prayers! Surely, when we think of the awful darkness which surrounds them, we shall not forget to pray that God may make out of each one of these weak women an instrument whom He can use among the heathen—‘to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.’”

Of Kucheng Training School for Women, Miss Newcombe wrote in January, 1891:—

"The Women's School, Kucheng city, which accommodates thirteen women, has been my special charge during last year.

"We have a very earnest Christian woman as matron,—a daughter of one of the first of our native clergymen.

"Last January six women passed out of the school. One, a schoolmaster's wife, returned to her husband to be, I trust, a blessing among the women and girls of the place where he is working. One young woman is teaching a school in the country, while a third has been employed by me in the 'foundling' work. The other three have gone to Foo-chow Women's School for further teaching, and to make room for a few more of the too numerous candidates for admission to the Kucheng school.

"In the spring severe influenza visited the school. Two of the women were very ill indeed; I feared they would not have strength to rally. I went in to one, and she said '*Guniong*, don't be sad about me; my *body* has no peace, but my heart is full of peace, for Jesus is there to comfort me' (the Foo-chow term for sickness is 'no peace').

"When I went on to the other room, the sick woman looked up to thank me for coming to see her, and said, 'Don't be anxious about me; I am not afraid, nor am I anxious about anything. The Holy Spirit is in my heart, and talks to me of Jesus.'"

At Sa-Yong, an experiment in training her Chinese sisters was made by Miss Codrington in 1893.

Station Classes were formed, and we are glad to be able to give an account of them from Miss Codrington's own

pen, written in March, 1896, while in England, when invalided home.

*“What is a Station Class?”* A question often asked me. Well! we owe the idea to our American sisters, and the plan of getting women inquirers together for a period of three months ‘to teach them the outlines of Gospel truth, and then send them back to their own homes to be voluntary workers among their own people,’ has been tried with marked success in South Fuh-kien and other parts of China by lady missionaries of various Societies.

“The first *distinct* class of the kind in our Mission was opened at Sa-Yong in December, 1893, when we received six women, wives of Christians or inquirers, feeling very weak and insufficient in ourselves for the new task, but relying on the never-failing presence and power of our God.

“Since that time till June, 1895, twenty-two women have been under instruction at Sa-Yong, other classes have been opened in different centres, and with humble and grateful hearts we thank God for what He hath wrought.

*“What can women learn in three months?”* Another frequent question. Not very much, truly, of head knowledge, but enough to teach them about God, to convince them of their need of a Saviour, to lead them to Jesus, and to enable them to point others to the Saviour they have found. We begin with the Creed, Lord’s Prayer, Ten Commandments, the *Hundred Texts*, and other Scripture teaching follows. But I think you will understand our Station Classes better if in imagination you spend a day with us and see what goes on in our dear, large rambling Chinese house where we live with our grown-



MISS CODRINGTON'S SA-YONG STATION CLASS, MARCH, 1894.

(Miss Codrington and her Bible-woman, the Matron of Station Class, in centre of group. See *India's Women*, March, 1896.)





up family. Soon after daybreak the women are astir. Two—whose turn it is—see to the preparations for breakfast, another vigorously sweeps out the court, one sits on a bench looking after the babies and repeating her lessons in a monotonous sing-song, while the rest turn out the bedrooms. It is pleasant to hear the merry laughter and chatter that goes on as they bustle about. At 7.30 breakfast is served, and by 8.30 all are in the schoolroom for study, and strangely discordant are the sounds that reach our ears; every woman singing her lesson at the top of her voice, and all in different keys!

“A bell rings for prayers at 9 o'clock, and we will go down and take our places at the head of the table. Some one chooses a hymn,—‘Awake, my soul!’ is a great favourite,—and then follows a short, simple talk on some verse of the Word, or a sentence from the Lord’s Prayer, and the matron usually closes with prayer. Then the women and I adjourn for lessons to a ‘class-room’ upstairs, to leave the schoolroom free for our little day-school girls. We begin with repetition,—two texts and a page of the ‘Catechism’ are usually repeated without mistake, and then explained,—after which we turn to St. Mark’s Gospel, and each woman repeats in turn the incident from our Lord’s life taught in class the day before, with the chief lesson to be drawn from it. It is wonderful how well some of the women do this, though others again need much questioning to draw out what they remember. We are supposing now a class which has been taught for about six weeks; the poor ignorant minds are beginning to wake up and to take in slowly and wonderingly the strange, sweet story of a Saviour’s love patiently repeated to them day by day. How fresh and quaint the familiar Bible incidents sound in their Chinese dress from the Chinese lips!

"And how changed are the faces of these dear women! Look at that old woman! she cannot tell you very much, but she loves the Bible stories. Ask her, 'Who is Jesus?' and see the bright smile as she answers, 'He is *my* Saviour.' You would scarcely recognise that face if you had seen it six weeks before! And so a happy hour passes quickly away. At eleven o'clock they go to the matron for study; dinner is at twelve, and at two they are taught the *Picture Bible* by the matron for an hour. From four to six o'clock, supper time, they are free to do their own needlework, and after supper preparation begins till nine o'clock bed, with a break for prayers at half-past seven. I always visit them in the evening, and encourage them to talk over the day's work; sick ones are doctored then, and opportunities are given for a special word to meet the special need of each soul.

"On Fridays we have a prayer-meeting, in which all are encouraged to take part. Saturday afternoons are holidays, but any who *volunteer* are allowed to go out two and two to visit in the village. Sometimes three or four couples will go, but we never urge them, wishing it to be a willing service. In the evening we meet and hear what success they have had. These are such happy times, and much prized by the women. *We* are sorry, and so are *they*, when the three months are over and good-bye must be said. Very touching was the testimony of one dear old woman the day before she went back to her home last June. We were all gathered together, when she pressed close with tears in her eyes, saying, '*Guniong*, I want my name changed.' 'Why?' I asked. 'Because, before I came here I was the devil's child, now I am altogether God's child, and I don't want my old heathen name any more!' She had

unbound her feet in token of her sincerity a few days before. We called her 'Daik-ong' (received grace), and now I hear she is in heaven.

*"Do these women witness for Jesus in their homes?"* In most cases we can thankfully answer 'Yes,' and they are a real help to us in our work afterwards, acting in many cases as honorary Bible-women in their villages. Miss Tolley told me of one girl, only seventeen, and very shy, who, nevertheless, had courage to go visiting with her, and spoke so nicely to the heathen crowds of what she had learnt while at Sa-Yong. In another village the testimony borne to the changed life of one woman was very real. 'She used to scold all day before she became a Christian, and now she scarcely ever finds fault!' and not only so, but this woman will walk a distance of three miles to carry her message to other villages on feet which, though unbound, are still only three inches long! 'Don't your feet pain you?' I asked one day, as we toiled together up a steep, rough mountain path in the hot sun. 'Yes,' she said, 'but it is nothing; Jesus has made my heart so glad, I want to tell others!'

"In conclusion I will mention a plan which we tried in our Sa-Yong class last spring with very satisfactory results. We invited two of our former pupils—young, intelligent women—to stay with us again, and taught them to read and write the Romanized character introduced by Mr. Stewart. In three and a half months they were able to read their New Testaments, and to write a clear, intelligent letter. Thus equipped with the sword of the Spirit, we feel they themselves have gained a permanent blessing, and are more fitted to teach their poor ignorant sisters. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give glory.'"

## CHAPTER V

### THE STORY OF MRS. AHOK

*"For this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might show My POWER in thee, and that My NAME might be declared."*

—ROMANS ix. 17.

THE story of Mrs. Ahok, the wife—and now the widow—of a Chinese Christian mandarin of Foo-chow, is one full of deep significance as well as interest. It is a unique biography in the annals of "the Land of Sinim." As such it craves a larger space than we can give. The following is but an outline of fascinating and faith-invigorating facts that might well fill a volume.

Until the year 1890 there resided in the city of Foo-chow a rich tradesman, who, by his acts of benevolence, had purchased for himself the title of Mandarin.<sup>1</sup> Nearly forty years before Mr. Ahok had been a "house-boy" (*i.e.* butler) in an English gentleman's household at Amoy. Mrs. Syme, his mistress, interested in all her Chinese servants, and anxious for their eternal welfare, had taught them English, using the Bible as her textbook. The impressions made under the power of the Holy Spirit never faded from the young man's mind, though he shortly afterwards left his situation. Setting

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ahok's official rank of Intendant of Circuit was bestowed on him after his subscription of several thousand dollars to the Chief Mandarin for the relief of distressed widows and orphans.

up in business as a shopkeeper at Foo-chow, he prospered so that his store became one of the largest and most flourishing in that city. Twenty years, however, passed by, and then came a letter of deepest gratitude from Mr. Ahok to Mrs. Syme. He had renounced his belief in idols; the light was dawning on his soul. He began to have faith in the Christian's God.

Miss Foster, a lady missionary sent by the Female Education Society, was at that time taking charge of their Christian Chinese Girls' Boarding School at Foo-chow. Mr. Ahok, anxious that the rich heathen wife he had married should receive instruction, sent an urgent request to Miss Foster that she would come to his house and teach Mrs. Ahok. Miss Foster agreed, and began to give her regular lessons. But the Day-dawn broke very slowly in that dark Chinese heart. Speaking of her in 1890, when in England, the late Mrs. Stewart remarked:—

“I first knew Mrs. Ahok thirteen years ago in China as a heathen worshipping idols, and have often found her house full of idols, incense being burnt before them. Mrs. Ahok had no desire to learn of our God; she only wished to know something of our language. Miss Foster answered that, unless she could teach her the Bible, she could not spare time to give her other instruction. Mrs. Ahok consented to have the Bible read to her; and when Miss Foster could not go, I took her place. Our hearts were often discouraged, fearing this Chinese lady would always love her idols more than God.”

One day, however, Miss Foster found, on her arrival at Mrs. Ahok's beautiful mansion (see frontispiece), that her pupil had invited a number of her lady friends to

meet the English missionary. From that day a most interesting class was begun, and continued for some time amongst these ladies.

A few weeks elapsed, and Miss Foster, to her surprise, received a visit from Mrs. Ahok, accompanied by some of her servants. After a few minutes' conversation, Mrs. Ahok suddenly asked if she might stay in the house for a few weeks. Miss Foster, astonished at such a request, reminded Mrs. Ahok of her own luxurious home, and told her that she, being only a missionary and not rich, could not give her all the comforts and luxuries to which she was accustomed, and then asked her *why* she wished to come. "Well," replied Mrs. Ahok, "what your book says is very nice indeed; but I want to come and *live* with you, to see if you *do* as it says."

On hearing this, Miss Foster, of course, could not refuse, and Mrs. Ahok became a guest at the Mission House. But the visit ended abruptly. A messenger came only a few days after to say that Mrs. Ahok's adopted son was very ill. The rich merchant's wife had been married twelve years without a child, and consequently, according to Chinese custom, a boy had been adopted as son and heir. Mrs. Ahok at once returned home, but persuaded Miss Foster to accompany her. At the request of the English doctor who had been summoned, the English missionary remained for eight or nine days as nurse in that heathen Chinese home. Daily she asked God to restore the child, and, in answer to her prayer, her skilful nursing was rewarded by Charlie's complete recovery. This naturally made a deep impression on the household.

But, although Miss Foster had day by day taught those around her that the Christian's God would hear and

answer the prayer of faith, she was rather startled when Mrs. Ahok one day said with much earnestness, "You tell us your God will give you all you ask; so now I want you to ask Him to give me a son!"

Miss Foster gently explained that God does not always answer prayer in the exact way desired, since it is not always for His people's good to give them the thing they wish; and that they should ask only according to His will. The Chinese lady listened, but held to her desire; and, when asked what she would do if God granted her request, replied that the child should be at once baptized. And so each day, while Miss Foster remained at Foo-chow, she knelt at the Throne of Grace with this remarkable petition.

And so it was. Within a twelvemonth—October 19th, 1881—a son was born, and Miss Foster, summoned at Mr. Ahok's urgent request, was almost the first to hold in her arms the God-given child! Great was the rejoicing at the event, "from the first day he was called Hung-Gau-niè-giang" (the Christian's doctrine child), and was baptized, receiving the name "Heaven-come" in addition to the European familiar title "Jimmy," by which he is usually known! His mother, at her own baptism afterwards, chose for her Christian names, "Ambassador Patience,"—"for," said she, "I desire to become an *ambassador* for Christ, and I know I shall need *patience*."

It was in this remarkable manner that God opened the door for carrying His Gospel to numbers of the captive Chinese ladies of Fuh-kien. They eagerly gathered in Mrs. Ahok's house to be taught the "Jesus doctrine." Coming in one day to the ladies' apartment, where Miss Foster was surrounded by an attentive group of wealthy women, members of the large Chinese household, the

merchant mandarin himself, Mr. Ahok, knelt in their midst, and in simple language asked God, in the name of Jesus, to convert from heathenism all his family, naming each one. Soon all but one of the eight for whom he prayed were baptized Christians! not the least remarkable being his own stepmother, the grandmother of the "God-given child," who was a very bigoted heathen, and during the illness of the adopted son had been most assiduous in burning incense to her idols to counteract the bad influence—as she deemed it—of the missionary's presence and prayers. In the summer of 1882 she also confessed at baptism her faith in Christ. Mrs. Ahok and two other relatives were baptized at the same time, Mr. Ahok's baptism having taken place the same year at the London Missionary Society's Church, by Mr. Eage.

Mr. Ahok came out boldly on the Lord's side. He was the first Chinese trader to close his stores on Sunday. Carefully marking on calendars every seventh day, the Christian's day of rest, he gave them to his customers and *employés*, and made them understand that in future his shop could not be opened on these days, in obedience to the command of the Christian's God, whom he desired to serve. It was a step beset with tremendous difficulties, but he did not retract.

Mr. Ahok wrote thus about it (in English) to Mrs. Syme, then in Edinburgh:—

"My store is closed on Sundays, which commenced from the beginning of the Chinese New Year. All my *employés* were afraid that the condition of my business would not be as well as last year if my store is closed on Sundays, but I did not allow the displeasure word of any one to keep me from setting an excellent example



in my business. All my *employés* do not, as I wish, stay in my store on Sunday to join me in prayer, and I hope you will pray God to help me in inducing them to serve Him and follow His doctrines." In 1888 he was able, however, to report to the same friend: "On Wednesday evening at seven o'clock we have service and preaching at my shop. Many of the heathen come in to listen, and all the men on the premises. We often have over forty present. Altogether we have service and preaching five times a week at different places. You will be glad to hear of the conversion of one of the head men in my shop. He was always much opposed to Christianity."

In 1885 Miss Gough wrote home: "I generally go to Mrs. Ahok's house twice a week to give her an English lesson, and I have been pleased by the interest which she takes in talking over in Foo-chow dialect the *meaning* of what she reads in the English New Testament and *Peep of Day*. She is one of the most intelligent and refined Chinese women that I have yet met, and it is really a pleasure to teach her. She seems truly desirous of being a servant of the Lord. I very much hope that through her I may in time be able to obtain introductions to the ladies of some of the wealthy Foo-chow families."

This hope was realized, for in 1886 Miss Gough writes: "During the past twelve months God has graciously given us opportunities for work amongst the upper classes. We have been received in a very friendly manner at sixteen houses, and in some of them our message is listened to with much interest.

"My first visit to the city (where many of the wealthy families reside) was paid last August (1885), when Mrs. Ahok went with me to four houses. At one I was in-

troduced to a family of the name of Law, which, as is often the case here, consists of four generations living together. They are very wealthy people, and the son of the old lady of the house was an official of rank, but died some four years ago. His widow still lives there, and she has four sons, two of whom are married. Six great-grandchildren complete the family, with the usual large staff of servants and slave-girls."

Meanwhile Mrs. Ahok's earnestness and courage in speaking for Christ among the ladies of her own rank was daily increasing. Of another visit to one of these ladies, Miss Gough writes: "The old lady of the house received us in a most friendly manner, and after we had sat in state for a little while in the entrance hall, she invited us into her room, and drawing a seat close to us, she listened most attentively while Mrs. Ahok read and talked. I am sure it would have rejoiced your heart to hear how nicely and simply she spoke to the old lady and her grand-daughter, a nice young girl of about sixteen. You would indeed have felt that the patient teaching given to Mrs. Ahok had not been in vain. I was so pleased to hear a simple little allusion, which she put in, to the time when she herself cared for none of these things."

From a letter written by Mr. Ahok in January, 1888, we find how the Holy Spirit continued His work with power in that Chinese household. "Next Sunday will be the Chinese New Year's Day,<sup>1</sup> and there will be a

<sup>1</sup> The Chinese reckon a year by twelve lunar months, inserting an extra month into every fourth year to square the Calendar. Consequently New Year's Day is a very movable feast, varying from January 22nd to February 20th.

meeting held in my house in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. I have asked many of the Christians and my heathen friends to come. I began the 'Week of Prayer' last Chinese New Year, and I hope we shall carry it on every year now." A beautiful contrast this to the usual celebration of the coming in of the year in heathen Chinese households, where sacrifices are offered to propitiate the gods of heaven and earth and the deceased ancestors amid salvoes of noisy crackers to frighten away evil spirits, followed by endless festivities, feastings, and theatrical entertainments, the wildest excitement and the most uproarious hubbub prevailing everywhere!

*The Missionary Review*, U.S.A., for January, 1889, gave a very interesting description of the ceremonials attending the funeral of the mother of Mr. Ahok. This lady died at the age of eighty-six, about eleven years after embracing Christianity:—

"We are informed that about eleven years ago Mr. Ahok's mother had quite a protracted struggle deciding whether she would become a Christian or remain a Bad-dhist. Since his conversion Mr. Ahok has had preaching Sunday afternoons at his residence, as well as mid-week social meetings and family prayers. His mother used to alternate between these services and the worship of the idol which had for so many years deluded her. While continuing this practice she had a good opportunity to compare the two religions. One day, after attending Christian worship, she said to her friends: 'You may take my idol away; hereafter your God shall be my God, and your Saviour my Saviour.' And the joy which shone in her countenance showed that she had indeed found JESUS. The idol was presented to Bishop Morrill

when he was here in 1883. From the time of her conversion this aged Chinese lady had a bright evidence of acceptance with God, and became more and more established in the faith during her few remaining years. Through her influence Mrs. Ahok's mother, who still survives, was also constrained to turn from idols to the true and living God."

In September, 1889, Miss Davies (now Mrs. Knox) gave the following interesting sketch of a day's visiting with Mrs. Ahok, which is an eloquent testimony as to the truth of her conversion, and also depicts the Chinese lady's life :—

"Dear Mrs. Ahok is such a contrast to her heathen sisters—certainly grace has done wonders for her; and the same God who has done so much for her can do it, and we believe is going to do it, for many more.

"I brought out my concertina and sang hymns, and then Mrs. Ahok explained them, and talked beautifully to the women. She told them how once she had worshipped idols, but that God had called her out of darkness into His marvellous light, and how it had utterly changed her life.

"I have just paid a visit with Mrs. Ahok. Last Sunday week she was staying with some of her relations in the city for a day or two; she came to the service at Back Street Church, and afterwards took me to dine with her at her friends' house.

"When we arrived, four ladies very grandly dressed, with plenty of paint and hair ornaments, came to welcome us. They bowed, and said a lot of polite things, and then asked us into one of their bedrooms, where we

waited till dinner was ready. I wish I could describe the dinner! but Chinese food is quite beyond description; you need to taste it to appreciate it. This was not at all a feast, but an ordinary midday meal. We each had a bowl of rice, and there were about a dozen small bowls in the middle of the table, from which we helped ourselves with our chopsticks.

"Unfortunately I was a visitor, and was looked after by everybody. I had to ask Mrs. Ahok to explain that foreigners come to a point when they cannot go on eating. When I declined, they would say it was my extreme politeness; and when I contradicted that, they would say sadly it was because they had prepared such bad things. .

"Even Chinese dinners come to an end, and at last we went back to the bedroom. Chinese ladies sit nearly always in their own rooms. And what are their occupations? It is really too sad, the aimless, useless lives they live. They drink tea, smoke, and gossip, and occasionally embroider shoes. How one longs that they should hear the story of the Saviour's love, and give their lives to Him who died to save them!

"We went to two houses, and I felt thankful for the faithfulness of Mrs. Ahok. Of course every visit began with a lot of politeness, drinking tea, and assuring them we could not smoke; but afterwards she spoke to them so nicely about the Gospel. I played 'my concertina, and sang, 'Jesus loves me' and 'Come to Jesus.' It is difficult to know how much they take in, as they interrupt to say something polite, or to ask one to take more tea. I must say their politeness is very trying; it seems such utter nonsense, and one would like to come straight to the point. But Mrs. Ahok says that, in visiting

heathen houses, we must conform to their customs a little, or they will not ask us to come again.

"About half-past two we went to Mrs. Ahok's relations and had a midday meal. It was not dinner; that did not come till much later. We spent most of the time in talking about our Master's message; but, oh, how often we were interrupted by the most trivial questions! How old were we? what was the foreign country like? etc., etc.

"At six o'clock we had a feast. What endless, indescribable courses we had to go through! The ladies were interested when I showed them my little temperance badge, and Mrs. Ahok explained to them what it meant; I am glad to say she never takes wine. After dinner we again went into one of the bedrooms. There they talked and gossiped for a long time, after which they played to me on a native instrument, and I played my concertina and sang hymns. They remained drinking tea, smoking and gossiping until past eleven o'clock."

Miss Clara Bradshaw (now Mrs. Millard), at work in Foo-chow in 1890, was invalided home that spring. Wonderful to relate, at two days' notice Mrs. Ahok prepared to come with her to England! Her husband not only consented and approved, but sent her as his substitute to plead with English Christians for China. "I shall never forget," said Miss Bradshaw, "the bright way in which Mr. Ahok faced all the dangers and difficulties of the journey upon which he was sending his wife. When he said good-bye at the anchorage, he said he did it gladly for the sake of getting more workers for China."

In writing to his friend Mrs. Syme at this time, he said :—

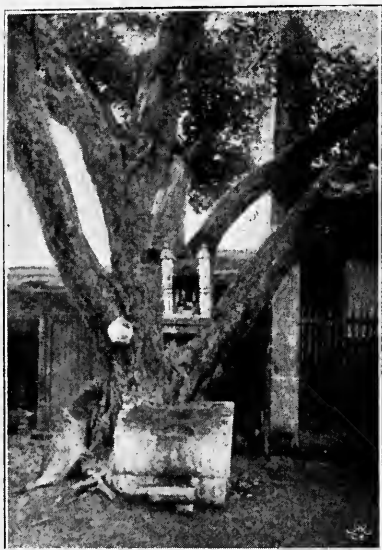
“ You will wonder how Mrs. Ahok could leave me and the children to go so far, but in China we think leaving her aged mother, now seventy-three years old, of most importance. . . . Not *one* China woman out of one hundred would have been willing to make the journey ; and truly it was by God’s grace alone that she undertook so wonderful a journey. She is very desirous to aid God’s work in this land by interesting your people in the people of China. This country has such a vast population, 300,000,000 or more ; one-half have not enough to eat ; many are starving, without food for the body or food for the soul.”

Her own reason for coming she gave in these simple words :—

“ You know how many people in China have never heard of God. They are living in darkness and have no light ; they are worshipping idols and living a ‘ life of fear ’ ; they have no peace. There are so few people to speak to the women, and in so many houses the women are willing to listen. A whole year passes away, and then one lady comes ; another whole year, and perhaps two more ; then some get ill and have to go home ; and I thought the people in England have so much light, surely they do not know that so many people in China are dying, dying without God ; and if I go and tell them myself, perhaps they will believe it.”

The difficulties of such a journey to a Chinese lady can hardly be understood by an English woman. Un-

able to walk any distance owing to her tiny, crippled feet—having to be carried from place to place, and to mix freely with strangers—she was keenly tempted to return, and especially when at Hong Kong some of her husband's heathen friends tried to frighten her by pointing out the trials that awaited her in England.



An Idol Shrine on a tree by the roadside.

As she listened, she told us the thought of her happy, peaceful home, husband, little boy, dear old mother, all came so vividly before her mind that she quite longed to go straight back; but just then she remembered a story she had heard from the Bible, that when God told Jonah to go to Nineveh, to give a message from Him, he got frightened and refused to go, and God was *angry*



with him. Nothing *could* be worse than that, she thought; and, turning to her friends, she said:—

“You need not speak to me any more. If there were a thousand more dangers in the way than you say there are, still I would go; for I believe God has called me to do it.”

Her first meetings were in Ireland, where she had thirty-one in thirty days, and excited a deep interest in all who heard and saw her. Then she crossed over to England; and, during the months of May and June, 1890, spoke at about seventy meetings, her one theme the misery of her Chinese sisters, who were like “lost sheep,” imploring all who could to “go quickly and save them.” She had no desire to visit any of the wonderful sights of England; her only wish was to see as many Christian people as possible.

“Give me two meetings a day, if you like,” she said. “No matter if I am a little tired; I want to tell every one I can about China, and then go quickly home.”

Her simple, childlike trust in God was a constant lesson to those who were with her.

“God will teach me what to say,” “God will give the needed strength,” were words constantly on her lips; the secret of the bright, happy smile that lit up her face in spite of great bodily weakness and pain from her poor crippled feet.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Miss Gordon-Cumming, who gives a most interesting description of a dinner-party to which she was invited by Mr. Ahok in 1879, says of her hostess (Mrs. Ahok): “She is emphatically ‘lily-footed.’ Her feet are literally only two inches long, which is considered a superlative beauty.”—*Wanderings in China*, p. 153.

The late Mrs. R. W. Stewart constantly accompanied Mrs. Ahok on her tour, acting as her interpreter, and those present who listened to the eloquent and touching appeals of the missionary and her Chinese sister in the faith can never forget the unique and heart-stirring spectacle. At the Annual C.E.Z.M.S. Meeting in May, 1890, Mrs. Stewart, when introducing Mrs. Ahok, spoke thus of "her deep longing desire to bring the knowledge of God to the women living in Foo-chow": "For some years she has visited with this object in the city, and she has introduced the ladies in connection with this Society into many homes of rich mandarins in the city, where otherwise it would have been impossible to gain entrance."

Mrs. Ahok addressed the meeting in Chinese, which was rapidly interpreted by Mrs. Stewart. We can only quote here a few of the deeply touching utterances:<sup>1</sup>—

"I should like you to remember that women in China are going to ruin; it is a matter of life and death. I ask you to go and save them. One thing specially fills my heart with pity as I think of my sisters in China—the time of their death. I have myself been with those who were passing out of this life into unknown darkness. They murmur that they see evil spirits coming for them, and say, 'I see this and that other spirit,' so that one attendant dare not stay in the room alone with them; there must be five or six people. They say the evil spirits are filling the room, and coming to take away that poor soul. Sometimes as the watchers beside the

<sup>1</sup> For full report of Mrs. Ahok's address see *India's Women*, July, 1890, p. 182.

dying hear the cry of an owl, of which they have great fear in China, they think it is a messenger from the other world calling the soul of the departing one. The reason of this terrible dread and anguish of mind is that they do not know the love of God, but worship evil spirits.

"I will give a few words of my own experience. Some years ago I worshipped idols, just as these women do now, and seemed to be quite under the power of the idols; but now, thanks to God's great mercy, He has delivered me. My husband's mother, who had also become a Christian, died about two years ago. Her death was calm and peaceful, very different from that of which I have just told you."

Before leaving England Mrs. Ahok wrote a most touching appeal to her "SISTERS IN ENGLAND," in which she said:—

"I have come from China—from Foo-chow—and come to England for what business and what purpose? The road here was *very* difficult, sitting in a boat for so long! Very tiresome it was to be on the rough sea, with winds and waves, for the first time!

"My servant (Tiong Chió) and I have come here. We are strangers! We raise our eyes and look on people's faces, but we can see no one we know—no relative, no one like ourselves—all truly strange! I left my little boy, my husband, my mother—all this: for what purpose do you think? *It is only entirely for the sake of Christ's Gospel I have come.*

"It is not for the sake of seeing a new place and new people, or any beautiful thing; we have in China quite close to us new places—beautiful places. I have never

seen *them* yet, so why should I come so far to see other places? . . . It was God's Holy Spirit that led me to come. He wanted me to do what? Not to amuse *myself*, but to ask and invite *you* to come to China to tell the doctrine of Christ. How could you know the needs of China without hearing them? How could you hear unless I came to tell you? Now you can know, for I say the harvest in China is *very* great, but the labourers are *so* few. . . . I am only here for a very little, then I must go back to Foo-chow, where there are *so* many large houses full of ladies; the workers are so very few now. At this time only one *guniong* (Miss Davies) is there to visit all the great city houses. She is not enough to reach so very many, and it is sad that in these mandarin houses their ears have never yet heard the doctrine. The ladies all have tiny feet—they cannot walk; besides, the customs are so strict and so hurtful. They are not allowed to see guests, so missionaries are *still outside* their doors—cannot enter the women's part of the houses, therefore they have never heard the happy sound of the Gospel of Christ, and are truly pitiable.

"Now I pray God to cause, whether '*guniongs*' (unmarried ladies) or '*sing-sang-niongs*' (married ladies) *quickly* to go and enter these houses with the Gospel.

"Now I ask you, raise up hot hearts in yourselves and quickly help us.

"*First*: Will you come back to China with me?

"*Secondly*: If *you* cannot, will you cause others to, by sending them, and doing what you can to help them to come?

"DIONG AHOK."

Letters came to her from time to time from China,

giving good accounts of all her family. The dear old mother was always in her thoughts; she was so frail and weak, she feared something might happen to her while she was so far away; but for her husband she felt no anxiety, he was always so strong and well.

At last, however, rumours of his illness came. "Very slight," he wrote, and hoped that his wife would not be anxious about him; but she felt that she must return immediately. The way seemed wonderfully prepared for her by the Lord. Most earnestly she prayed, even with tears, that He would show her how she could go back to China, for she could not travel alone, as neither she nor her servant could speak English.

A young lady—Miss Mead—who had heard Mrs. Ahok's earnest appeal for workers at Prince's Hall, offered to accompany her to China, and join in the work of winning precious souls for Christ from among the Chinese ladies. On June 27th, 1890, she, with Mrs. Ahok and the servant, sailed from Liverpool to return to China *via* Canada. Many friends assembled at Euston Station that summer morning to bid farewell to that dear Chinese sister and her brave young companion. As the train moved off, all joined in singing, "God be with you till we meet again!" Many of those who bade good-bye to Mrs. Ahok will recall her bright smile as she said she hoped to come to England again, and then it would be with her husband.

Mrs. Ahok, though suffering much from sea-sickness crossing the Atlantic, wrote:—

"I greatly thank the Lord for His goodness, for the stewardess is a worshipper of God, and is very kind to me and my servant."

At Vancouver there was a delay of some ten days, which was at first a great disappointment to Mrs. Ahok, as she was so anxious to reach home. She wrote that they were sorry the China steamer did not come; but added that she felt sure it was God's will they should be detained there, as she was asked by a minister of one of the churches to speak at some meetings. She addressed six meetings altogether, and great interest was aroused, not only in the mission work in China, but also in the Chinese residents at Vancouver; for she so awakened the sympathy of her hearers that they determined to do what they could for those living in their midst.

Three new branches of Missionary Societies arose from her few days' visit there.

Little did this first Chinese Christian lady-traveller dream that she should not rejoin her husband until they met on the heavenly shore; for in a letter received after she had left England, he still wrote of his illness as "slight," saying, "This slight illness has greatly benefited me, and drawn my heart much nearer my Saviour." And again he speaks with pleasure of his wife's visit to England, thus:—

"I realize how great God's grace is in allowing Mrs. Ahok to visit England; and I am so thankful to all the Christian friends who have helped and been kind to her."

But he became rapidly worse, and letters from friends at Foo-chow told us they were praying he might be spared, if it was God's will, just to see his wife once more. But the Lord saw it was best to call him home before her arrival.

Chitnio—Mrs. Ling—told us of his death:—

"I saw him before he died, . . . so weak and thin, quite changed. . . . He looked at me and said, 'Mrs. Ling, may God give you more knowledge and understanding this year. The Lord is with you always; He is always with me too.' I said, 'Thank you very much; have you not a word for Mrs. Ahok?' He said, 'No; I leave her to the Lord. Just let God do what He thinks best.' "

When the travellers reached Hong Kong, Miss Mead heard the sad news of Mr. Ahok's death, but she was not permitted to tell the poor widow; her friends particularly wished it kept from her till she reached home. He fell asleep in Jesus on the 11th of August, and it was not till about ten days later that Mrs. Ahok and her companions arrived at Foo-chow.

In China it is customary among the better classes to keep the body in the home hermetically sealed in its coffin for seven times seven days, the coffin being re-varnished each seventh day, at the last having the appearance of a finely lacquered casket. Mrs. S. Moore Sites, of the American Mission, in a tiny *In Memoriam* booklet, says:—

"The seventh day fell on a Sunday, and at 2.30 each Sabbath a memorial service has been held in the largest reception hall, at the back of which in a smaller hall stands the coffin. Four children and grandchildren, all dressed in sackcloth, and seated on a straw mat on the floor beside the big coffin, while daughters-in-law and other female friends, dressed in coarse unbleached muslin, sat about weeping silently or with loud lamentation. . . . Our minds went out over the wide sea towards Mrs. Ahok, still far away in mid-ocean, journeying home-

wards, all unconscious of the irreparable loss she had sustained. . . .”

Of that sad home-coming she writes herself:—

“When I arrived in Foo-chow, at the anchorage, I saw some friends and relations to welcome me, but did not see my husband. I was rather doubting and uneasy why he did not come. I inquired about him. They said he had been very ill, but he was better. ‘He cannot walk.’ Dr. Sites, my friends and relations were with me in the house-boat. We were singing and praying. Before I arrived at Jardines (the landing-place) Dr. Sites told me, ‘Mr. Ahok is with Jesus now.’ I felt like a mountain fall down into my heart when I heard it. I could not believe it. It does make me so sad when I think of him. He was such a strong man, and quite well when I left him; it is impossible for me to think he is not here. But I know it is God’s will. I have so many things to trouble me, but God has comforted me.”

What wonder that at first she was stunned and overwhelmed with sorrow, and that again and again she wailed, “Oh, if only I could have seen his face once more, and told him all I have done in England!” Yet though finding herself suddenly alone in the world, with heathen relations causing trouble, and heathen friends whispering, “Alas! those who leave the ways of our ancestors, and follow after the gods of foreign countries, must incur the just punishment we predicted our gods would send upon them!” Mrs. Ahok’s faith did not fail. She was able to testify shortly afterwards at the C.M.S. Annual Conference, where she spoke for a few



minutes to the women, that although her husband was taken, the peace of God was still hers.

A letter of sympathy, signed by nearly five hundred lady friends of the C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S., was sent to their bereaved Chinese "sister in Christ," assuring her that—

"We have prayed and will pray that our God, who is the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, will comfort you, and be a God to you, and a Father to your fatherless son. . . . We bless God for your coming to England. We have learned to know and love you. Your words are not forgotten. One sister has gone with you, we send this by the hands of three more.<sup>1</sup> We know others who were led by your words to offer themselves for Christ's work in China. Two of these are now being trained for the mission-field. This will cheer your heart."

Miss Leslie, who read this address by sentences, Dr. Sites translating, says when writing home afterwards:—

"Poor Mrs. Ahok! she is very much changed,—no wonder,—and quite broke down when we were with her. She recovered herself wonderfully while Mr. Lloyd prayed in Chinese, and then in English, and then she made a sweet little speech, in which she said how much she valued the expression of so much sympathy; that though we had brought the words and signatures from England, she felt they came to her from her heavenly Father; that though so much sorrow had come to her, she shall never regret having gone to England, but of course she feels

<sup>1</sup> Miss WELLER, Miss LESLIE, and Miss STRONG.

the 'wound in her heart' when she thinks of her loss. In the meantime tea and biscuits were brought in, and we saw her boy, 'Jimmy,' and the adopted son 'Charlie,' nice little fellows with white knobs on their caps and white threads in their long plaits, which show that they are in mourning for a parent."

Mrs. Ahok's written reply<sup>1</sup> was touching in its simplicity, and the spirit of Christlike submission it breathed. We can quote but a few sentences.

"I thank you all very much for your sympathy. . . . After leaving England I reached Foo-chow at the end of the seventh moon, and then heard that my beloved husband had left this world and been called home by God to His kingdom in heaven. At that time I was very sad and distressed, and my distress was the greater because I had no one to carry on our business. I feel that during this time of trial God has been testing my heart, and just now I can do nothing but pray moment by moment for God's grace that one day I may again meet my husband in heaven.

"Now because I cannot carry on trade myself, therefore I have determined to close our business and pay all debts, and the British Consul has kindly acted for me in this matter.

"My hope is that God will enable me to sell this house in which I am living, and then I shall have a competency. It is because I fear that I shall not have enough to feed, clothe, and educate my children that I wish to sell this house. As soon as I have done this, I think I shall be able with the missionary ladies to visit the houses

<sup>1</sup> See *India's Women*, Jan. 1891, p. 297.

of the gentry, and have worship with the Chinese ladies, and exhort them all to embrace Christianity. Thus I shall be doing the Lord's work. I trust you will all pray for me, and also for those who do not yet believe. I constantly pray for you, and trust that at some future time an opportunity may be given to me of again visiting England and America to work for the Lord. This is the true desire of my heart.

"At this time I seem to have no heart to write, but I send this letter to you to express my thanks. Another day I may write again.

"My two little children send their greeting, and I add my own. After my return home, an additional trouble came upon me, because my mother was called home to God. But, so far as she is concerned, death must be reckoned happiness. She, with my husband, earlier than myself, are enjoying the eternal bliss of heaven.

"I will thank you to give my salutations to all the sisters and ministers whom I know.

"Mrs. Tiong (*née* Sia) pays her respects.

"*5th Moon, 25th day.*"

Mrs. Tiong will be remembered as the faithful maid who braved the long journey with her mistress, and who, as Mrs. Ahok expressed it in her appeal to Englishwomen, "raised her eyes and looked in people's faces, but could see no one she knew—all truly strange" in this far country. This maid left England with a sorrowful heart. She, too, made an appeal for China. In the house where she stayed she managed to make the servants understand, with tears, that the women of her own village were living utterly in darkness—yet no one was ready to come to them.

The heathen relatives wished to persuade Mrs. Ahok to put off the funeral till next year, as they said some mischief would overtake her and her little boy if she did not follow their advice; but in a letter to a friend in England Mrs. Ahok says:—

“My husband is going to be buried next Saturday, the 15th of this month. The heathen say this will be a very bad year; and if I do carry out this plan, harm will come to me or Jimmy. But I am not going to listen to what they say; he is going to be buried on the day I mentioned in this letter.”

Mr. Ahok was buried the day she named. A Christian service was held first at his own house. Chinese representatives from the three Missions in Foo-chow were present, and the service was conducted by Mr. Ahok's Chinese pastor and Dr. Sites. Amongst the many loving and pathetic words spoken as tribute to the memory of the Chinese Christian philanthropist, none were more telling than those by the Rev. — Woodin. He referred to instances where he had met Christians far away from Foo-chow, whom greatly to his surprise he found on inquiry had been led to Christ through Mr. Ahok's teaching, of his bountiful aid to the Community Hospital, and self-sacrificing personal interest in it, by daily walking there in the early morning dawn, and gathering the *employés* and such patients as were able to come together, and praying with them, and seeing that all the suffering ones were having their wants attended to.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A wing has been added to the Community Hospital as a memorial to Mr. Ahok, and two Missionary lady nurses, the Misses Chambers and Barr (C.E.Z.M.S.), appointed. Mrs. Ahok visits this hospital, and has a women's meeting there every week. (See chap. viii., “The Gift of Healing.”)

Dr. Sites told of the closing hours and dying testimony.

"On the Saturday evening before Mr. Ahok died I came up to the sick-room. As I approached the door I heard singing, found half a dozen Christians about his bed. I joined them in the hymn, and when it was finished I asked Mr. Ahok if it was not too much noise. He said, 'No, nguai ceng huang hi' (I am very happy). 'Siong-Da ong ceng duai' (God's grace is very abundant). . . . He was suffering much pain. I said, 'Lo beng, do you feel that the Everlasting Arms are underneath you, or have you any fear?' He answered clearly, 'Nguai ceng bing ang' (I have great peace.) I asked, 'Whence does this peace come?' and he replied, 'It is God's free unmerited gift to me.' . . . Putting my arms about his little son I said, 'Have you any message for Jimmy?' He looked up wistfully at the child, and while affection's tear trickled down his wan face, he replied, 'I have committed him to God!' Dr. Sai Sek Ong repeated, 'Only Christ,' and the dying man responded, 'Truly, only Christ!' As we repeated Stephen's words, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' he ceased to breathe, and our Mr. Ahok of the past was no more!"

Not only did Mrs. Ahok find herself a widow on her arrival in Foo-chow, but to add to her bereavement, her husband's heathen relations had taken possession of his property. It is the law in China, when inheriting property, to go through a legal form, embodying a religious ceremony of heathen worship, and converts have had on other occasions to prove whether they "esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures" of this world.

Then the shop was in an unsatisfactory state, an adopted son at the head of it; who although a professing Christian, and not an idolater, never went to church, and now began to give Mrs. Ahok a great deal of trouble. (It appears there were four adopted sons before the real one was born.) One of our workers wrote:—

“When the affairs are really wound up (everything takes a very long time to settle in China), it is feared Mrs. Ahok will have very little to live on, but she will be really much happier than she is now, surrounded by heathen and bad relatives. She will have two children to support at least—her own boy, Jimmy, and the last adopted son, Charlie. There is a grandson, too, son of the eldest adopted son, who is now dead. The family relations of the Chinese are indeed perplexing and tiresome.”

A few months later (1894) we have this interesting little peep of Diong Ahok among her missionary sisters.

“Mrs. Ahok celebrated her forty-fourth birthday the other day, by having all of us *gunions* to supper with her and her step-daughter and step-granddaughter. All Chinese food, except slices of bread, which she had continually handed round—knowing our *peculiar* tastes! She is always most kind and thoughtful about us. She also had a white tablecloth put on the table, which was very complimentary, but makes me more nervous than ever with chop-sticks. She is so happy now that there are *gunions* at the hospital, and visits them regularly once a week.”

At the time of the war between China and Japan, April, 1895, Miss Leslie wrote:—

"A few days ago, Mrs. Ahok came to take me to the house of the richest merchant in Formosa, whose wife was, of course, very much troubled on account of the war. It was a wonderful picture of what God hath wrought. There was this old lady sitting tucked up on a big, square stool, looking the picture of misery and

大多謝上帝其恩前四年奴去英國蒙上帝照顧一路平安也蒙  
汝各伙看待奴盡好大務仁愛其心可憐中國歡喜幫助只個姑  
娘梨福州做者光引導黑縣其伙棄假病真除去一切惡其風  
俗現在只個姑娘所做其主夫是益縣其伙也務各處揚傳  
福音也務各處銷除病病傳道也做個女學各各處連奴眉  
裏個奴眉禮只一座女齋已經務學如三十九伙中開務解膠也  
務施洗禮嘴都是上帝其聖神充滿只一座書齋隻離將機者奴  
本身一禮拜中間學多務助學女讀書也務去醫館讀書五病伙  
聽奴想只個種子播落各位處倚望後來能結實三十倍六十倍  
一百倍奴想以前去汝國禮所論中國其饒處倚望各伙都毛  
賣的大務樂心藉助中國以後能得上帝其賞賜榮耀都歸主  
至去永生實心所願

中國十一月十九日

張謝氏拜具

Ms. J. Ahok

Fac-simile of a Letter to English Christian Ladies, written by Mrs. Ahok in December, 1894, on quaintly decorated sheets of rich coloured paper. (For translation, see *India's Women*, June, 1895.)

perplexity, evidently not having done much *that* day in the way of personal ablutions (!), her slave girl standing beside her holding the pipe every now and then to her lips. And there, beside her, sat dear Mrs. Ahok, fresh, and bright, and cheery, talking away and trying to put hope and comfort into her friend's heart; she herself

not in the least disturbed by all the rumours of wars. We have been much struck by her calmness day after day. She has had many visits from troubled Chinese lady friends, anxiously asking if any news had reached her through her English friends, and has had many opportunities of witnessing by life and lip to the 'peace of God which passeth all understanding.'

"We are very much interested in watching her influence over the young wife whom her adopted son, Charlie, married last year (September, 1894). She comes from an entirely heathen family, and had heard nothing whatever of the way to heaven. Of course, she finds in dear Mrs. Ahok a most kind mother-in-law, who has won her love, and it is very sweet to see them together. She had many presents from heathen relatives, such as incense-burners, etc. Mrs. Ahok quietly told her she need not use them in *her* house, which is under the protection of the *true* God. She then encouraged her to begin learning to read, and they are now going through the Gospel of St. Matthew together. The little wife proves a most gentle and teachable pupil. May I ask your special prayers for her?

"You will like to know that we have at last been invited to the house of Mr. Ahok's daughter, the prettiest house I have seen in Foo-chow. We were received very kindly, and my little *Sing-sang-niong* (*i.e.* Bible-woman) was listened to with much interest. It was just a little Chinese family party—the lady herself, her daughter, her husband's brother's wife, and, alas! the second wife her husband has recently taken.

"I think, perhaps, this trouble is softening her, and making her remember what she learned long ago in the American Mission School where Mr. Ahok placed her."



Another glimpse of this singularly interesting Chinese lady is associated with that sorrowful day of the Hwasang martyrdom in August, 1895. Miss Leslie writes in her journal of that date :—

“ Dear Mrs. Ahok has just been in, and we have had a very sad and tearful talk. She was so truly fond of Mrs. Stewart, and knows her whole family. She was very deeply grieved, and spoke of what her feelings were at the funeral, seeing all those graves and coffins, and at the hospital when she took the little wounded baby in her arms. Mrs. Stewart spent all the morning of her last birthday on earth in the boarding-school and Mrs. Ahok’s house, visiting all the class-rooms and dormitories, and giving up her dear little baby to be handed about from one to another by the delighted girls. After she had left, Mrs. Ahok said, ‘ Su Sing-sang-niong (her Chinese name) truly loves me ; she spent the time in my house as if it were her own home ! ’ Mrs. Ahok and I will never forget that happy, happy morning.”

Perhaps of all scenes we have traced in the life of our Chinese sister, none will bring the reality of her conversion more vividly to our hearts than a touching incident with which we close our Story of Mrs. Ahok.

“ One more thing I must tell you about her,” says her constant fellow-labourer, Miss Leslie. “ On the last evening of our year, I was sitting alone in my room writing. Mrs. Ahok came in and chatted a little. Then she said so sweetly, ‘ This is the last night of your old year ; shall we *pray* together a little ? Would you like it ? ’ and then prayed with and for me so very lovingly and beautifully. You can imagine that the tears came to

my eyes. It touched me so to think of this dear Chinese sister acting just as one's mother might have done! Nothing could more fully cheer my loneliness than to hear such prayer from one who had once been a worshipper of idols. It sent me on into the new year with those words in my heart: 'I will very gladly spend and be spent, if only to bring another Chinese lady so near to God.'"



## CHAPTER VI

### THE CRY OF THE CHINESE CHILDREN

*"Only a little Chinese girl  
Drowned in the floating tide!"*

JESUS said, "FEED MY LAMBS."—ST. JOHN xxi. 15.

NEAR a pool in Foo-chow a stone is inscribed,—  
"GIRLS MAY NOT BE DROWNED HERE."

Yet although infanticide is prohibited by Chinese law, it is not considered a crime by Chinese morality. "There is no country in the world," says Dr. Robert K. Douglas, Professor of Chinese at King's College, London, "where practice and profession are more widely separated than in China." And it would seem true, since we know that in some provinces of the empire *thirty out of every hundred infant girls are put to death.*

Recently a traveller extended his inquiries to forty different towns and villages, and found that the percentage was between seventy and eighty down to ten, giving an average of about forty per cent. of all girls born in these places as being murdered. The examina-

tion was conducted in as fair a manner as possible, and persons of all classes were questioned as to the number of children whom they knew to have been killed, either by themselves, their relatives or neighbours. One of eight brothers told him that only three girls were left among all their children, sixteen having been killed. On another occasion this traveller says: "Wishing to obtain the testimony of the assembled villagers, I put the question publicly, 'What number of female infants in this village are destroyed at birth?' The reply was, 'More than one-half.'"

The people always say that the food and clothes expended on a girl are wasted, as shortly she will be sold to be the wife and daughter-in-law of another family. For if the child is not thrown out to die in some shed, or into some pool, it often happens that a woman will bring her own little girl and exchange her for another who can be a wife to her son.

A little fellow about eight years of age came to a tiny Christian school regularly, carrying a wee baby-girl in his arms. He was asked whether it was his sister, whereupon he looked shy and did not answer. "She is his wife," said his brother. On being asked why so young a baby had been taken from its mother, the boy's mother explained that she had a baby of about the same age, and as another woman wanted a wife for her son they had exchanged. Only as her baby was not so fine as this one, she had to give a dollar and some cakes into the bargain to make things more fair and even!

Inland and around Kucheng infanticide is fearfully common, while in Ping-nang and some of the country villages it is much worse.

"It is dreadfully sad," wrote the loving-hearted Elsie Marshall in one of her home letters, "that the Chinese think so little of their baby-girls. It is not so bad in every part of China, but here (in the Fuh-kien province) they throw any number of children into the river, which we cross every time we go into Kucheng city, and they have been seen floating on the water."

Miss Inie Newcombe wrote home in 1889 :—

"I shall not easily forget the horror with which I once listened to an old woman, in an out-of-the-way village far up in the country, counting over the number of little babies she had destroyed. Six poor little waifs we have already rescued. If there were some one who could give more time to this work, numbers might be saved yearly, and trained in our loving Saviour's service."

Miss Newcombe began at first with two or three, who were brought to her as soon as her intention became known ; and shortly afterwards she wrote the following touching account of them :—

"I shall indeed be thankful if I can arouse your prayerful interest in these poor little waifs and strays—the neglected and uncared-for little girl-babies. In this town alone (Kucheng) between 700 and 800 little girl-babies under one month old are left yearly at the asylum opened by the Government for the prevention of infanticide.<sup>1</sup> Babies left there are sold to poor

<sup>1</sup> Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming, in her *Wanderings in China*, tells us that the Government Foundling Hospitals are rows of dirty, damp cells, where, without a pretence to cleanliness or comfort, wretchedly poor women are established as wet-nurses on

families, who in this manner get a wife for their sons for almost nothing; and, in order to support their strange child, often give up their own girl-baby to the same fate. Short as the time is since I came to China, I could not describe the misery I have seen among such baby-wives—poor, miserable little things of a year old or more, scarcely the size of an ordinary new-born infant, their bodies covered with loathsome sores. Inquire how they are fed, and you will hear these children have scarcely tasted milk, but have been fed, or rather starved, on rice. If they survive they are turned into household drudges, and rarely do they know what a loving look or word means.

“In addition to these 700 or 800, or more—none know how many—all through the country girls are deliberately murdered at birth; the parents, for some reason or another, not caring to take advantage of the asylum. It is our earnest desire to rescue as many as we can of these little ones, to give them a Christian home, and bring them up for the service of Jesus Christ.

“Our party now consists of ten little girls. Of these one is already ‘safe in the arms of Jesus.’ Another, we fear, will be difficult to rear. It was found on a hill-top, just as the father was about to throw it down a hole. By the time it was brought to us it seemed nearly half-dead.”

a monthly wage of about \$1, with a trifling additional allowance for getting the baby’s head shaved. Each receives charge of two or *more* poor, starved babies! It is needless to say that the miserable children are horribly neglected, and the sound of their ceaseless, pitiful wailing is heard even before we enter this abode of infant misery. Here the death-rate is, of course, enormous; and about a coolie-load of dead babies per diem is carried out of the hospital to receive uncoffined, unrecognised burial.

In 1891 Miss Newcombe wrote again:—

“It is with difficulty we keep our number of little foundlings from increasing more rapidly. It is becoming very necessary to have some settled home for these little waifs. The last nine months I have had four of them living with me in my native house in Kucheng. The other six are out in the city and neighbourhood, in charge of different women.”

Room for the tinies was made in a small house next door to the *gunions*' house, The Olives; and, towards the end of 1891, Miss Nisbet became “mother” to the wee waifs.

“Here inside The Olives is a pretty picture,” writes Miss Hessie Newcombe: “five little, tiny dots gathered round a lady, singing ‘Jesus loves me,’ and ‘There is a happy land.’ As we stand watching and listening, suddenly the little tongues are hushed, the little, restless limbs are quiet, as one by one they climb on Miss Nisbet’s knee, lean their heads on her shoulder, and repeat their evening prayer. One small mite takes the opportunity for a special cuddle.” Miss Nisbet had at this time thirteen of these rescued girls under her care, and a house was being built to accommodate forty—the workers believing that He, whose is the silver and gold, would Himself supply all that was needed to provide for His lambs. (For the small sum of £3 10s. a little girl-baby can be supported for a whole year.)

Miss Codrington, a few months later (1892), speaks of the tiny inmates of the “Birds’ Nest,” as Miss Hessie Newcombe liked to call the new Home now built at the top of the little hill outside Kucheng city:—

"I do love our wee foundlings. We had them all to tea on Miss Nisbet's birthday, and made them romp like English babies. It was so funny to see their usually solemn little faces brimming over with fun."

These rescued babies are very dear to the hearts of the Fuh-kien band of C.E.Z. missionaries. Miss Elsie Marshall wrote home:—

"The little orphans in Miss Nisbet's home are such darlings! Two little girls are twins, and were saved from being buried alive. A Bible-woman met a man carrying them in a basket, and asked him what he was going to do with them. He said, 'Bury them!' So she asked him to give them to her, and he was quite willing."

Here is part of a very sweet little letter, written as recently as June 11th, 1895, from Kucheng, by Miss Hessie Newcombe, to Rachel Smyly, second daughter of Dr. W. Smyly, which we cannot forbear quoting:—

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—

"Miss Smyly has written to me, telling me you are collecting money to support a baby-girl in China, and that you wanted me to choose one for you, that you might have as your own little baby—to be clothed and fed with the money you send out. Soon after I got this letter, I went to a place called Sa-Yong, where Miss Codrington is working for Jesus. She told me the following story:—

"A few weeks ago one of the little girls came to school crying. I asked her why she was crying. She said, 'God has given mother a little baby-girl, and she



says she does not want it, and will put it in the river and drown it." Then the little girl looked up into my face and said, "Will *you* take the baby, and not let it die?" I told her God had given mother the baby, and *she* ought to take care of it herself—she must run and tell her mother this. "But I know mother will put it in the river," said the child as she went sadly home. The chapter I was reading in the Bible that day was Isaiah lviii., and it said in verse 7, "That thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house." I thought at once of that poor little baby, and I thought I heard God's voice telling me to take the child. I sent a Christian woman to the house where the mother lived. She found the poor baby lying on the ground, crying under the bed, hungry and cold, with no one to love it or care for it. She brought the child back to me. We fed it with some warm milk, and put some nice warm clothes on it, and got a Christian woman to nurse it for us.'

"When Miss Codrington told this story, I thought of you at once, and told her I knew of a little girl in Dublin who would like to adopt this baby as her own. . . . I hope you will daily pray for your baby, that she may grow up God's little child.

"Your friend,

"HESSIE NEWCOMBE."

As may be supposed, at the time of the terrible massacre on August 1st, 1895, and the subsequent departure of the workers from the country districts, much anxiety was felt as to the safety of the little inmates of the "Birds' Nest." But Miss Codrington was able to report on her arrival in England:—

"In answer to many inquiries about the Kucheng

foundlings, I should like to say that when I left China the seven eldest children, aged from five to eight years, were safe in the city chapel at Kucheng, where they were being well cared for by their Christian nurses. Eight more, all under five years, were in a village home, near Dong-gio, where they had been placed last year to be near Miss Gordon. Two devoted Christian women have charge of them, and the head catechist of the district lives close at hand. The remainder—wee babies—are scattered throughout the district, in the care of their several foster-mothers. All were safe and well, and no anxiety need be felt about them. Our Father will care for these forsaken little ones."

In April, 1896, Miss Codrington is glad to tell us more about the nestlings:—

"My last news from China said babies were all well, and Miss Nisbet was expected back in a week's time to proceed to Kucheng at once, as that station is now open for ladies' work."

## CHAPTER VII

### CHINESE GIRLHOOD: ITS WAYS AND WOES

*"This is no romantic story,  
Not an idle, empty tale;  
Not a vain, far-fetched ideal,  
No, your sisters' woes are real,  
Let their pleading tones prevail."*

—F. R. H.

CHINESE girls, what a girlhood is theirs! Little enough for them of free child-life, of the light of love! Yet though their natural growth of character be suppressed, like that of their "lily feet," in the atmosphere of heathen homes, they expand and blossom in the warmth of Christian care and affection.

Five years ago Miss I. Newcombe could write of two girls' day-schools in the country, besides a day-school for women and girls at the village of Teuk-ling, opened at the request of the pupils themselves. At the same time, thirty girls who had come from thirty different homes in about twenty villages were settled in the Christian Girls' Boarding School at Kucheng.

One of our workers, writing in January, 1892, says:—

"A girl whom we miss sorely to-day is Ching-ong; she left us to be married in the New Year. She is a Christian, and has gone to shine for Jesus in the midst

of a city noted, even among these godless heathen cities, for its wickedness and deeds of darkness. Does she shine? Everything in the house is changed; peace and quietness have taken the place of quarrels and fightings. This is the testimony of the heathen around. Besides all this, she has brought a little heathen cousin to church, and taught her to read our children's hymns."

At the close of that same year, Miss Hessie Newcombe wrote :—

"This May the Master's call came to one of our little Sunday scholars, and, thank God, found her ready, the first-fruits from Dik-diô gathered home to the heavenly garner. She was ill altogether only about four days. When Miss Nisbet went to see her, she said she was not afraid, because Jesus Christ was with her. The night she died a look of fear came over her face. Her father (a native Christian) asked her what was the matter. 'Oh,' she said, 'I see God, and He is calling me, and I am so ashamed.' Her father bent over her and said: 'Creep under the feet of Jesus, and then you will have nothing to fear.' Almost immediately her expression changed to one of perfect peace, and in a few minutes our little eight-year-old Christian was carried home to her Saviour."

The next winter (1893), Miss Weller tells of a Day-School at Kucheng started in this way:—

"One girl, of about fifteen (the betrothed of an idiot!), was prevailed upon to come to the school, though for some time she was the only day-scholar. She proved to be a most diligent pupil. The Holy Spirit was influencing her heart, and she was being drawn very close to





THE BOARDING SCHOOL FOR HEATHEN GIRLS, FOO-CHOW.  
 (Miss Loo.) (Miss Leslie.)  
 (Mrs. Ahok.)

Christ. At the end of four months she began to bring others, and soon they joined as regular scholars. We trace the beginning of our day-class to this one little girl's prayer and effort."

Mention has been made of the Boarding School for Heathen Girls established by Miss Leslie at Foo-chow in 1893. This is a unique venture of C.E.Z.M.S. workers in China. It was begun at the suggestion of Miss Mead, who was anxious that the little girls in her day-school in the city should have some opportunity of learning more about Jesus after they reached an age when it is considered improper for a "bound-footed" girl to be seen walking in the streets. The school was opened in a house belonging to Mrs. Ahok, outside the walls of Foo-chow city, on Nantai Island, and adjoining her own large Chinese residence. The house was built by Mr. Ahok in English fashion, in order that he might pay his European and American friends the compliment of entertaining them in their own surroundings. It was found to lend itself admirably to the needs of the school, and Mrs. Ahok gives valuable assistance in it, teaching some of the classes twice a week, and giving advice as to Chinese customs, the making friends of the parents, etc. She is a great favourite with the girls, and constantly sends in little presents to please them: one day, a tray full of pretty flowers for their hair; another time, tempting little bowls of food.

Writing on April 6th, 1893, Miss Leslie says of this valued native co-worker:—

"Mrs. Ahok is quite well, and comes in here nearly every day. This morning she gave me a great deal of advice about the school. She said: 'L'ai Guniong, you

must ask the matron to write out some rules very clearly, and put them on the schoolroom wall. If you don't do this, the little heathen girls will give you a great deal of trouble; they will spit, gamble, smoke, write on the walls, etc. And then she promised to come in once a week for an hour to teach and question the children on a catechism, which they will learn to repeat to her, and she will explain the meaning. She is going to allow the girls to visit her house every Sunday afternoon for a little service."

"Of course," says Miss Leslie, "we (Miss Lee and I) expected very few at first, and were quite satisfied though only four chairs passed through our gates on that opening morning. However, not long after, the number rose to thirteen, and during the following terms to nineteen, and then how happy we were over our nice little flock! Now (December, 1894) we have thirty-nine, and more coming, and have rented a house in the garden formerly occupied by fifteen of Mrs. Ahok's relations, who moved into a more distant house at her request, in order that we might enlarge the school, and now a new dormitory and eating-room are being built. (In 1895 the number rose to forty-five, and this year, 1896, to fifty-five.)

"Our idea in opening this school was that it should be filled by girls from the middle classes, whose parents should meet most, if not all, of the expense of their food, and we have some of these. But we found that we were intended also to have poorer children, for God has put into the hearts of people in England, Ireland, and Tasmania, to send money for the support of children willing to learn and not able to pay; and so Miss Mead from the city, and Mrs. Ahok and Miss Stevens from the villages, have sent us children of both the "bound-



footed" and large-footed classes, and we take in and teach all.

"You can have no idea how nice our schoolroom looks, with its Chinese texts on the wall, and big maps all over characters, and the row of dumb-bells in a rack! And still less can you imagine how bright and interested those little faces look or how fond you can get of the 'scamps!'

"The books we teach in the school are the Bible, Prayer-book, Hymn-book, *Peep of Day*, Bible Picture Book, Three, Four and Five Character Classics, etc. The children have just been singing, 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me,' and I am sure that it has been sung *from the heart* in that schoolroom. When we think of the heathen homes from which these girls come, and those to which they will go when they are married, we earnestly desire much fervent prayer for them, for their difficulties will be tremendous, and Satan will try his hardest to quench those little lights burning in the thick heathen darkness.

"Last Sunday I had a nice chat with Cio Guang. She very much wants to unbind her feet, and her mother is willing, but her grandfather will not hear of her doing anything so disreputable. *All* classes, except women of bad character and those who work in the fields, bind their feet. Even the poorest children have their feet bound. Sometimes they do not take much trouble about it; but the price the Chinese parents get for their girls when they sell them into other families as future daughters-in-law depends very largely upon the size of their feet."

Cio Guang was baptized by Archdeacon Wolfe in the

city church, on July 1st, 1894; her Christian name is *Seu-Ong*, which means "To receive grace." We ask much prayer for her. She was married the following year, Christmas Day, 1895, to a man who, though a nominal Christian, is still, it is feared, far from the kingdom of God.

At the close of 1895 Miss Leslie returned home with Miss Codrington, who had sufficiently recovered to be able to make the voyage, but still needed care and nursing. The following interesting letter soon reached her from *Seu-Ong*:—

"A hundredfold of complete happiness and peace to the great person L'ai-Guniong, who is the greatly loved and revered of your pupil. The pupil's heart is very sad because she does not at all understand why the *guniong* so suddenly separated from the pupil. At the time when I was in the school I greatly sinned against the great person of the *guniong*. I hope that the *guniong* beseeches God for me to forgive my sin. I cannot again go to the school to read books. My heart is very sad, because my mother has arranged to call me to leave the school. My heart is very sad. I have said very many words for my mother to hear. My mother is not willing. Truly it cannot be helped. My mother also sends greeting to the *guniong*. Your kindness is great as a mountain. I cannot recompense the *guniong's* kindness, but I hope that the very great Lord recompenses for me the *guniong's* love. May the Heavenly Father greatly bestow grace upon the *guniong*! Daily and nightly I earnestly desire that the *guniong* will quickly come again to China. I hope that the *guniong* always prays for me. When I separated from the

*guniong* it was just as if my heart was willing to open wide.

"The pupil SEU-ONG respectfully presents these characters."

But to return to our story of the school. Miss Leslie continues :—

"We have two sisters in the school who brought back a message from home this term that the younger may have her feet unbound, but not the elder. The reason is that the mother, who has been under teaching for some time, is enlightened, but dares not unbind the elder girl because her marriage has been arranged, and it would be considered dreadfully dishonourable—the most atrocious piece of dishonesty—to let her feet get any bigger after *that*!"

"One of the earliest day-pupils was Ceu Die, a hump-backed daughter of some rich people next door to the school. The child used to be carried into school on the back of her woman-servant, and she was the first to set the example of unbinding her feet. Mrs. Ahok had often talked with the mother about the things of God, and she was most willing that her daughter should learn from Christian books, and also helped to pay for another girl to become a boarder in the school. She not only gave her free consent to the unbinding of her child's feet, but made the large shoes herself and sat up all one night to finish them, so that the *gunions* might have the pleasure of seeing her come to service the next Sunday with 'Christian feet.'

"The girl's health improved wonderfully. She is very seldom seen on her servant's back now, but moves about quite actively with the others. Her mother continually

speaks of this with gratitude, and says that her girl never worships idols now, but always prays to God when she goes to bed, and asks a blessing before meals."

In one or two little character-sketches Miss Leslie brings some of the girls in her boarding school vividly before us, giving glimpses of Chinese girlhood, its ways and woes.

"NGUK IENG. Such a bright, clever little girl, hardly ever misses a character in the daily repetition; a dear child too, but how your heart would ache to see her mother-in-law,<sup>1</sup> when she comes to see her, binding up the poor little feet<sup>2</sup> so tightly that the tears come running down.

"LĚK MÚOI is another child who has attended the city school; there is an earnestness about her I like. Poor little thing, she is engaged to a dumb man! Her companions twit her about it sometimes when they are in teasing moods, and she cries sorely."

But in spite of their crushed lives, little Chinese maids can be very lovable.

"SĀNG MÚOI is a sweet little girlie of eight. I simply

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written we learn that Nguk Ieng's mother-in-law, terrible to say, has developed leprosy. Though not yet so afflicted as to be separated from her family, she can never again, of course, visit the school. Nguk Ieng's eyes fill with tears at the mention of her, she seems truly to love her, and when she goes home for the holidays, reads to her and tells her all she has been learning during the term.

<sup>2</sup> Unbinding of the feet cannot be made obligatory on entering the school, as the object of gaining the heathen girls would be defeated.

long to catch her up and kiss her as she stands before me twice every day, her hands drawn down into the wide sleeves—this is politeness—and the little fists put together and shaken as she says, ‘Good-morning,’ and ‘Good-night,’ ‘Lai Guniong Bing-äng,’ in her sweet wee voice.”

God has unmistakably set His seal of blessing on this venture of faith and labour of love, by giving visible results. We can understand the joy with which Miss Leslie says:—

“I shall never forget the day when Hong Chai and Cio Ing came to me and asked to be prepared for baptism. They had come to my room to chat with me as the girls often do; just as they were leaving, Hong Chai nudged Cio Ing, and said, ‘*Muong gōng, muong gōng*’ = ‘Just say, just say,’—and very hesitatingly they told me that they had received the truth into their hearts and could never think again of any worship but that of the true God. Cio Ing was baptized soon afterwards, but poor Hong Chai has to wait; her parents expressed it, ‘*bek neng ng king*’ = ‘other people are not willing,’ meaning the family into which she is engaged; so she is praying, preparing and waiting. Hok Chai will be married in due time to a Christian with her parents’ full consent, happy little girl!”

It was a very joyful Sunday on March 24th, 1895, when at the service in Mrs. Ahok’s house the Archdeacon baptized Cio Ing and Hok Mi and Hok Mi’s mother, all from the city. Cio Ing was the head girl in the school at that time, a great help and blessing in every way,

proving by her daily life that she was "Christ's true and faithful servant." But—

"Just as I came away from Foo-chow," says Miss Leslie, "this poor girl was suddenly thrown into distress. The mother of the heathen man to whom she had been engaged when a little child, died, and he claimed his bride. (Chinese sons are obliged to marry within a hundred days after the death of a mother, or are not allowed to do so for two years.) So in October, 1895, she was married, and is now living with her husband's heathen relatives in Foo-chow city. We pray that she may be 'salt' and 'light' to them. It was wonderful, but there were no idolatrous ceremonies at their wedding. Cio Ing's family have given up ancestral worship. They gave me, without being asked, the tablets erected for the worship of her father's and grandmother's souls. Cio Ing herself has lately written me the following pathetic letter:—

"This letter is from the pupil CIO ING, greeting to the great English Teaching Lady Lai. I earnestly desire that God protect and help you with peace. I very earnestly desire that the teaching lady may again come to China. I have obtained the teaching lady's great love. Now that you have returned to England I daily and nightly think of you; I wish to see your face, but this great sea hinders. I can only now always beg the Heavenly Father's blessing that your body may have strength. What you formerly taught me in the school, I can remember it all in my heart, because God has greatly bestowed grace upon me, causing me to be able to believe the doctrine of the Gospel. Another cause of thankfulness is that the teaching sisters, Miss Lambert,

Miss Bushell,<sup>1</sup> and Miss Lee are very kind in relieving me and my mother, and my young brother. The things that you *gunions* do are according to the mind of the Saviour's loving heart—you help people to obtain salvation. I invite you to look at Proverbs xix. 17. Truly it is to lay up riches in heaven. Now I greatly thank God's grace; on the Saviour's birthday, Archdeacon Wolfe baptized my brother. This year he has become changed and become good. I do not know whether next year he will be able to go to school or not. If you please, teaching lady, will you pray for my mother and brother? I earnestly desire that God will provide all that they need for body and soul. Very unfortunately my mother is not greatly intelligent; she does not fully understand the doctrine of Jesus; her body is often feeble. My heart is very sad about my own affairs; I also wish to speak to the teaching lady about them. On the 22nd day in the 8th month of the Chinese year, at the Ang-tai-gio chapel, I was married; on the next day I went to my husband's house; on the 17th day of the 9th month he left to go to Ning-taik; he will come back next year in the 1st month. Very unfortunately his heart is hard; I can only beg God to influence his heart. My husband does not wish me to leave the house and go to the Women's School; I am very willing to offer up my whole self to be used by Jesus, because I have received the Saviour's grace and cannot bear to disobey His will; if you please, *guniong*, pray for me. About Foo-chow: Towards the end of the year the city greatly obtained grace bestowed by God. Very many people came to worship God. I think all the things recorded in Acts ii.,

<sup>1</sup> Missionaries of the FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE EAST SOCIETY.

iii., and iv. are being now fulfilled in China. I think the matter of Su Sing-sang, Su Sing-sang-niong (Mr. and Mrs. Stewart), and all the *gunions* receiving hurt has turned to great benefit.

“Now I greet you.

“‘Cio Ing.’”



## CHAPTER VIII

### "THE GIFT OF HEALING "

*"All genuine missionary work must be in the highest sense a healing work."*—MACKAY OF UGANDA.

*"The unevangelized world has about one doctor to every three millions of people. The medical mission—God's modern gift of healing—holds the key that unlocks the door of entrance for the Gospel. And it affords a new field for the sisterhood of Christ."*

—A. T. PIERSON, D.D.

STRANGE to say, in a country where crucial examinations attend each step in a literary career, no diploma of any kind is required in order to practise medicine, so that the majority of native medical practitioners in China (such, at least, as are not out-and-out quacks) are men who have failed in the scholastic line!

After this, perhaps, we need not be surprised to find that as soon as a Chinese physician has made up his mind that a particular bone or muscle is in a state of inflammation, he thrusts a substantial steel needle into the part affected, and stirs it ruthlessly about. The treatment for dyspepsia is even more calculated to produce danger and disorders than that applied to the joints and bones. A Chinese doctor does not hesitate to thrust the needle into a patient's stomach or liver, and the system of blistering wounds thus caused adds considerably to the danger surrounding the operation.

In a list of some 440 eccentric remedies enumerated in a Chinese standard medical work may be found such curious items as "dried silkworm moth, parasite of mulberry trees, asses' glue, birds' nests, black-lead, asbestos, dogs' flesh, and tortoise-shell"; while preparations of "red marble, old copper cash, human bones and blood, dried toads and centipedes," and innumerable kindred horrors, hold a conspicuous place in the Chinese pharmacopœia.

Native dispensaries, "at best, cannot be regarded as very valuable institutions, and the patients, if cured by accident, may be said to recover in spite of their doctor and his repulsive—often torturing—remedies.

"In speaking of medical mission work among the Chinese," says Mrs. H. S. Phillips (*née* Hankin), "it is well to remember that they themselves have no idea of anatomy, physiology, or medicine. One method for curing diseased parts is to cover them with a thick, dirty plaster, looking like mud or chopped-up seaweed; and by thus concealing the sore, to expect it to recover.

"Or, again, to give an instance from real life. When walking close to our C.E.Z. mission house at Dangseng (Hing-Hwa), I noticed a man feeling the pulse of a poor load-carrier. Thinking that he was probably a doctor, I walked up and listened to their conversation.

"After feeling both pulses, the doctor said: 'You see that pond?' 'Yes.' 'The mound of grass beyond?' 'Yes.' 'Take this stone and throw it beyond the mound.' This was solemnly done. 'To-night, after you have eaten your supper, come out to this spot, take these three stones, and throw them beyond that mound. Do not carry very heavy loads.'

"The fee was paid, and the patient went home, believing that the three stones would work wonders for him. I walked on a little way with the doctor, and asked from what complaint his patient was suffering. 'Consumption,' was the answer. 'And will throwing those stones cure him?' I asked. 'I do not think so,' was the reply. And after a little talk about the 'Jesus doctrine,' we parted. This is only one of many like instances.

"Before the Medical Mission work was opened in Hing-Hwa, the C.E.Z. ladies at Sieng In and Dang seng used to relieve many minor cases. We often found that with God's blessing some who before had been resolutely set against religion were touched and softened, and in some cases really converted.

"Our C.E.Z. ladies have found that a case of teeth-forceps has often been really useful, and after a good number of extractions have heard a remark like this: 'The foreigner's instruments are good, surely her doctrine must be good also'; and the speaker has come up and listened attentively while the Gospel was being preached.

"One interesting case comes to my mind; that of a man whom we always called 'Foot-hurts.' He came to the C.E.Z. house at Dang seng and asked if we would cure him of a terribly ulcerated leg. Miss Witherby volunteered to see what clean dressings would do. An old Christian man said to me at prayers that night, '*Guniong*, you must not cure "Foot-hurts"; he is a bad man, and hates the religion. When the church was being built, he went about spreading false reports and trying to make mischief; you must not try to cure him.' I explained the Bible view of such men, and asked them to pray that he might be converted. 'Foot-

hurts' came regularly every morning, and while Miss Witherby (who at that time was unable to speak the language) was dressing his leg, I told him of the love of Jesus. For weeks there seemed no apparent change in the limb, but gradually meanwhile his heart softened; then his leg became better, but not before 'Foot-hurts' was a regular attendant at church, and was telling in all the villages around of the true God he had learned to worship.

"At the beginning of 1895 we were very much cheered by the appointment of Dr. Van Someren Taylor to Hing-Hwa, and Miss Tabberer and I gladly offered to go to the city and help him to open his dispensary. The work was most interesting, and from the very first God's blessing seemed specially to rest upon it. Crowds came, some to be cured, others to bring their friends, or to see what was happening, all, without exception, willing to listen to the Gospel; and coming as they did from all parts of the country, one felt that the seed was being scattered widely. I spent the first three days in the waiting-room, talking to the people. One old man came whose sight had been ruined by the ignorance of some Chinese doctor. Another very poor man had cut away part of his eyelid himself, and he showed us the knife he used. Another, a little child, was carried in to have its eyes attended to, and suspended from its neck was an egg, in a coloured string bag, hung there 'to keep off the devils'! Numbers of lepers had to be refused. How sadly we had to say, 'We can do nothing for you.' And over and over again they implored us to save them, thinking if only they offered enough money perhaps we should relent.

"A Gospel service is now held daily before any work is begun."

If Mission dispensaries are such valuable adjuncts to missionary work, one cannot surely over-estimate the blessing of Mission Hospitals amongst the sufferers of China.

In December, 1892, Miss Frances Johnson wrote:—

"We have this year taken a house at Nang-wa, in the Kien-ning Prefecture, and opened a Women's Hospital in connection with Dr. Rigg's medical work.

"Nang-wa is not a walled city, but a busy market town; at one time a great place for the tea trade, as the large empty tea *hongs* (places where the tea is prepared for market) testify. Boats are continually passing through it on their way to and from the great cities of Foo-chow and Kien-ning. We opened the hospital in May with one patient, a dear old woman, who recovered rapidly, and received the message gladly, promising she would continue to pray to the True God, and give up worshipping idols when she went home." Seventeen patients were admitted the following year. "Our hospital," says Miss Johnson, "is not by any means built on the newest approved style; it was just a large empty shed belonging to our house. We had to floor it, and put up a few partitions. The walls of the women's sitting-room were made bright with red and green Scripture scrolls in gold paper Chinese-character.

"The visit of Miss Rodd and Miss Bryer to Nang-Chong in June brought in no fewer than eight patients; a party of six from one village! One young woman in rapid consumption has just returned to her village to die—the sting of death gone; so happy and bright, rejoicing in the Saviour. We have great cause to be thankful for the treasure our God has given us in our Chinese Bible-

woman. L. throws herself heart and soul into winning souls for the Master. She loves the patients, and does things for them that are not really her work, and that no outsider would do for any money, and she puts up patiently with all the trouble they frequently give her."

In 1894: "Another patient, daughter-in-law to the first received, was converted during her stay in the hospital. The whole family have since become Christians, but this young woman is the brightest.

"Another patient was a poor little woman who lived in a house full of men—father-in-law, husband, brother-in-law, and uncle—all sunk in the vice of opium-smoking. What wonder that she, too, fell a victim? She had had several children, who all died in infancy; the last—a boy of a few years old—had been sold for an opium debt! She heard of Him who had come to set the captives free, and she longed to be delivered. Miss Rodd and Miss Bryer—visiting her village for the first time with the Gospel—pitied her, and offered to take her back with them to Nangwa to be cured. She got through the cure marvellously easily, looking so cheerful all the time, a great contrast to most people under such circumstances. It was God who helped her, she said. She heard eagerly the story of the Saviour's love, and went home determined by His grace to serve and confess Him. We have heard good accounts of her. Her brother-in-law has since been cured, and I hear her husband has also lately given up opium-smoking. Will you join us in praying that they may be kept?"

Pages might be written to depict the awful scenes connected with the deadly opium evil with which our

missionaries are brought in contact. The late Miss Hessie Newcombe in one of her home letters remarked:—

"I much doubt if there is any place where the *opium* has *not* penetrated. I can only speak from experience of this province. One of my own teachers compared its ravages to the last plague of Egypt; as she said, there was scarcely a family without one victim to this awful scourge. When she questioned me with horror as to the report that this poison came from England, I did not dare to tell her the whole truth: that our Christian Government obtained a portion of its revenue from the sale. I only said that there were men in England and elsewhere who love money more than God, but that truly Christian people were very sorry for the Chinese."

"One very interesting case," says Miss Johnson, "occurred shortly before we closed the hospital at Nangwa, after the sad events at Kucheng last summer (1895). A mandarin's widow, who had taken opium for seventeen years and in great quantities, came to us to break it off. From the first she laid hold on the fact that it was only the power of the true God that could avail to do what was an impossibility with men. She had a very painful, trying time. More than once she gave orders for her chair to be called to go home next day. One night, when at her worst, she accused us of deceiving her, saying it was impossible she could ever give it up; this attempt to do so was killing her. But before the next day she slept a little, felt better, and persevered. Certainly nothing but the grace of God carried her through. While with us she joined in prayer every day, attended Sunday service in the hospital hall, was much interested in reading the Bible (she was an educated woman), and

before she left she was convinced of the truth, and determined to follow it. Her return to the *yamen* (residence) of her relative, the Viceroy of Kien-ning, only made her see more clearly the difference between her old religion and Christianity. She made no secret of her convictions, and tried to persuade her people to read the Bible. But the only one willing to listen or join her in prayer was her little daughter, who is betrothed to the Mandarin's son. Before she left us to return to her distant home in the dark province of Hunan she told us, 'I am very sad at leaving all of you, but I can never again be altogether sad, for I have now the peace of Jesus in my heart.' "

But in ministering to the suffering multitude behind China's Great Wall, the missionary encounters stranger forms of disease than even the terrible afflictions of leprosy, ulceration, blindness, and the atrophy of the opium victim. To quote again Miss Hessie Newcombe. In a paper written shortly before her death she asks:—

"When you go to China, what will you have to face? The outward and visible things; the dirt, discomfort, contempt, and ridicule—these things we share alike with the traveller and the merchant. But what has a missionary, *just because she is a missionary*, to face? You can sum it all up in two words—God and—the Devil."

Miss Gordon Cumming, in *Wanderings in China*, remarks (p. 166):—

"The Chinese have distinctive names for true insanity, and for hysteria, catalepsy, etc., and they draw the line quite distinctly between these and devil, or 'spiritual possession,' as it is invariably called both by heathens



and Christians. It really appears as if some of the miraculous 'signs and wonders' which prepared the way in the earliest days of the Church in Judea were in some little measure permitted to the infant Church in China."

Miss Wedderspoon, writing from Foo-chow, November, 1895, says :—

"One interesting young woman whom Miss Cooper is visiting was at one time possessed with a devil. When first found, she was lying on a bed, refusing to eat. Her relatives had 'consulted' the idols, but of course nothing had been done for her. Miss Cooper had prayer with them, and spoke of Jesus' power to cast out devils. The girl quieted, listened, and at last prayed herself. A few days after the father became ill, and they said the devil, having left his daughter, had entered into *him*, and he was to die; they would neither go to a doctor nor persuade him to eat. The idol had said he would die, so why trouble further? Miss Cooper had much prayer, the devil was cast out, and the man is recovering."

The Ahok Memorial Wing for Women in the Community Hospital just outside Foo-chow city, on the island of Nantai, is an especially interesting sphere of work for Christ. Writing to the C.E.Z. Committee in May, 1895, the Rev. R. W. Stewart said :—

"You have two more workers in Foo-chow who must not be forgotten, Miss Barr and Miss Chambers; they are stationed in the native hospital, which is under the care of Dr. Rennie, who gives the ladies full scope for influencing the patients; were it actually a Mission-hospital, they could not have greater freedom in speaking to and teaching the inmates. Although they only

reached Foo-chow last March, they are able already to make themselves very fairly understood in Chinese, and when I saw them the other day they told me how happy they were, and what a splendid sphere of work they had found.

"At Dr. Rennie's suggestion, a Sunday service was begun on their arrival, and now it is often hard to find room for the number who attend it. On Tuesday, too, there is a service conducted by Mr. Banister; and our old friend, Mrs. Ahok, holds a weekly meeting for the women patients in the room where her good husband used to speak to the men."

And in November of the same year Miss Chambers herself writes:—

"Our work here is most happy and encouraging. The number of women is increasing, and all are so ready to listen to the Message of Peace; and we believe that many receive it into their hearts, and go back to their homes to tell others of the love of God. When visiting the villages, other C.E.Z. missionaries are sure of a good reception if they meet any one who has been in the hospital."

A missionary at Foo-chow, who, as an onlooker, writes to a friend, says:—

"I must tell you a little of what is going on for God in the Chinese hospital since He sent our two missionary sisters there. You know, of course, that the hospital is supported by the community out here for the benefit of the Chinese, the wealthy of whom also contribute to its funds. Mr. Ahok took a deep interest in it, and you have heard of the new wing for women added by money

collected by Mrs. Stewart as a memorial to him. It was a great joy to us when this was finished, furnished, and the two missionary nurses settled in. Dr. Rennie has given them every opportunity of doing all they can for the souls as well as for the bodies of the patients, and you would rejoice indeed with us could you see all that *is* being done. In the chapel on Sunday mornings there is now a well-attended class for men; in the afternoon a service for all; on Tuesday evenings a class for the Chinese medical students; on Friday Mrs. Ahok's service with the women. And at any odd time in the day you may go in and find one of those bright sisters with her big white apron on, sitting with open Bible in a corner of one of the wards, a crowd of women and children around her as she reads and tells of the Great Healer and of the country where there shall not be 'any more pain.' I once heard it said, 'The nurse is always to be *adjective* to the missionary,' and I am sure these sisters have it so, though they are by no means careless in their nursing duties. Dr. Rennie has more than once spoken to me in praise of their efficiency, but, of course, we rejoice most over that which affects the soul-welfare of those under their care. They have been much encouraged in saving opium-smokers already, and the other day Miss Barr was telling me of a woman who went home so full of the love of Christ that she persuaded her husband to come and hear for himself; and now these two have given up their bread-winning occupation of beating out metal for making idol paper-money, and brought a book of 'sacred writings,' which they used to think most precious, in willing exchange for the Bible."

## CHAPTER IX

### GATHERING STORMS

#### "IN PERILS IN THE CITY"

*"Often has God shown that even where human hate builds huge walls against the truth, and human wrath builds hot fires for its witnesses, He has much people; and that the faith that fears not, can face the foes of God and of His Gospel with unfaltering fixedness of heart, still witnessing to the cross."*

—A. T. PIERSON, D.D.

IT is not surprising that Satan, the great dragon of China, being stormed in his citadel should hurl back thunderbolts and fiery darts. From time to time the Prince of the power of the air stirs up a tempest of persecution that breaks upon the heads of God's brave witnesses in the "Land of Sinim." Yet, perhaps, in no other part of the mission field has "the wrath of man" been more signally made to "praise" Him, or the selfish and cruel aims of fanatical heathen been more remarkably turned to account for the furtherance of that kingdom they sought to destroy. Divine history continually repeats itself. "The devil blows the fire and melts the iron, and then the Lord fashions it for His own purposes."

One of the first outrages on our missionaries took place as long ago as 1892. Miss B. Newcombe and Miss Johnson, at the invitation of an old man whose son had taught one of them the language, courageously entered

Kien-ning city, and opened up work in Ceng-Wa. Suddenly a mob attacked and took possession of the little house they occupied, drove our sisters out by force, and literally tore the place to pieces, nothing being left but the four outside walls. Miss Johnson's story of this alarming and exciting time is told in *India's Women*, August, 1892. It seems that placards had been posted all over the city, saying that foreigners had arrived, and that they had made away with a literary man and had beheaded a boy. The people were called upon to turn them out.

This riot was followed quickly by a more serious one in Kien-ning city, where the C.M.S. hospital was destroyed, and Dr. Rigg barely escaped with his life. Mr. Stewart, writing of these events the following summer, said :—

“ You know how your ladies were driven out of one city and the English doctor driven out of another. Your ladies at Nang-Wa were warned that the rioters were coming down upon them and would wreck their house. What did they do? They knelt in prayer, and rose saying, ‘ God can defend us.’ They took every right precaution, sending away the two who could not speak the language, and packing their things on the boat to prepare for sudden flight, if it should be necessary. There those who spoke the language waited quietly to meet the danger. Two nights passed, and no rioters appeared, and then they found that God had changed the purpose of these men. These ladies left the place for a time, and were not only allowed to return, but welcomed with open arms by the women of the cities.”

But a greater storm was gathering. Soon it broke.

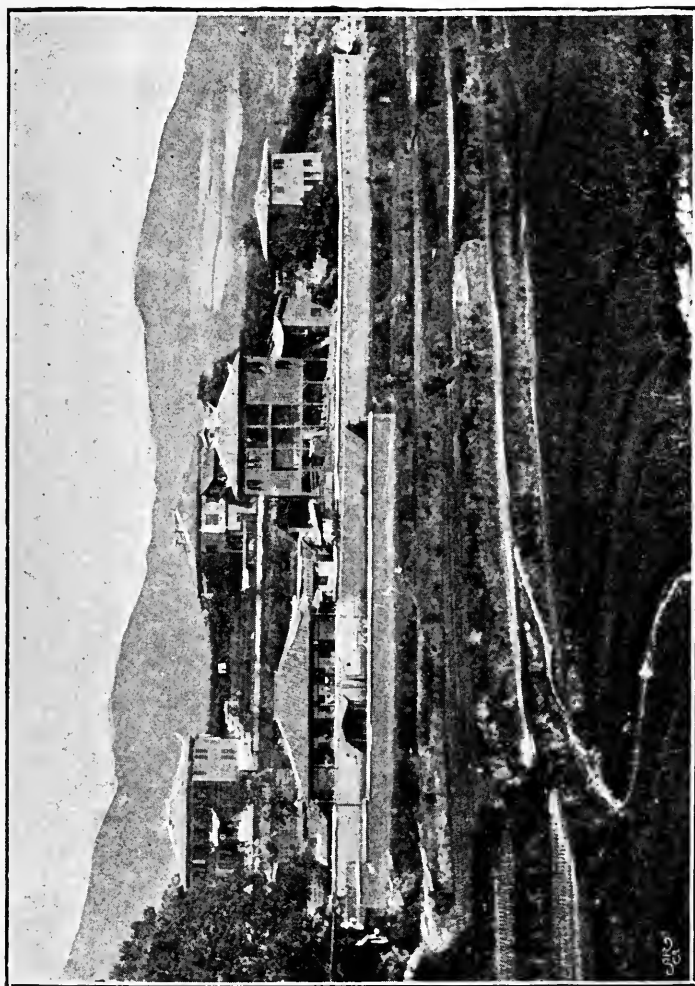
The walled city of Kucheng, with 60,000 inhabitants, a hundred miles inland, N.W. of Foo-chow, became one of the first outposts of the Foo-chow Mission, and the headquarters of the Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart, with some of their band of C.E.Z.M.S. workers. A tributary of the river Min flows outside the wall, and beyond it rises a slope called in Chinese "the little hill of righteousness." Here, both C.M.S. and C.E.Z. have a mission settlement, houses and schools, the centre of evangelistic work in a district thickly crowded with towns and villages.

Kucheng, or "Ancient Field," as the name signifies, is a quiet old place; the people all have a sleepy look, probably from the fearful habit of opium-smoking, which is freely indulged in. The city lies on the banks of a beautiful winding stream, surrounded by bold and lofty hills far away in the heart of the Fuh-kien highlands.

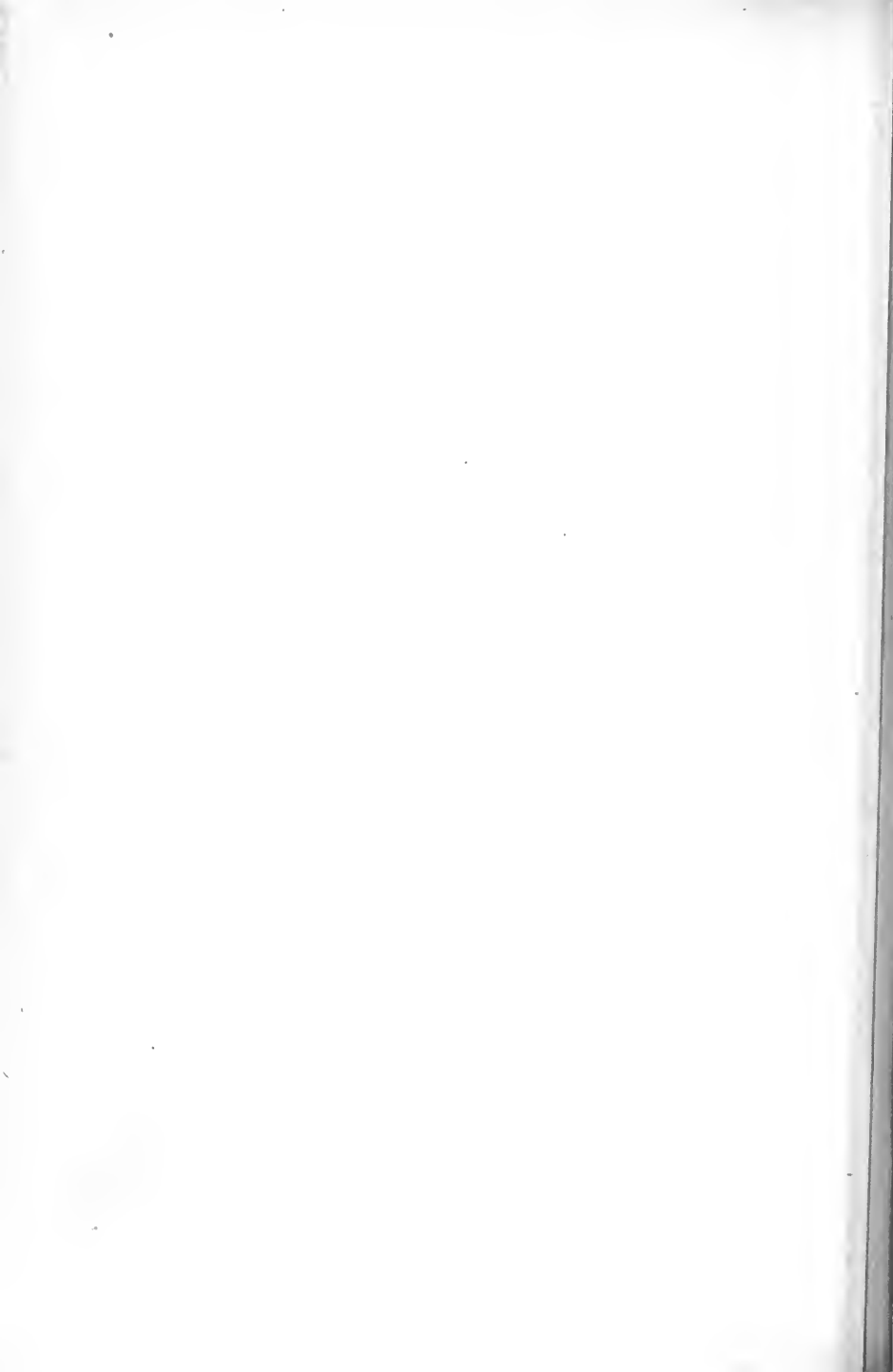
Mr. Stewart would often remark that had they searched the world through they could scarcely have found a more healthful or beautiful spot than that which God had chosen for them, just outside the walls of Kucheng.

"We have been having some rather exciting times here lately," wrote the Rev. R. W. Stewart on April 8th, 1895. "Ten days ago, I was called up at four o'clock in the morning by our native clergyman and other Christians, who had crossed the river to our house to bring the startling news that the Vegetarian rebels were expected at daylight to storm Kucheng, and that the gateways of the city were being blocked with timber and stone as fast as possible.

"We have for a considerable time been aware that the Vegetarians were recruiting in large numbers, and the



KUCHENG. (From a photograph taken by the Rev. Herbert Knox.)  
(Rev. R. W. Stewart's House.) (Rev. W. Panister's House.)  
(C. E. Z. Missionaries' House.)





expectation that something of this kind might happen led the better-class people to subscribe large sums for the rebuilding of the city wall, which in many places had fallen down; the gates, too, had been either broken or were gone.

“At the time when the alarm was given, we had, with women, girls, and children, nearly one hundred sleeping in our compound.

“The rebels expected in an hour! What was to be done?

“As we talked, and prayed, and planned, the dawn began to break; then came the rain in torrents. What part this played in the matter, I don't know; but as we saw it falling heavily, and remembered the Chinese fear of getting wet, we said to one another, ‘That rain will be our protection.’

“At daylight we roused the schools, and after a hasty meal, all left in a long, sad procession to make their way across the river in a small ferry-boat, which came backwards and forwards for them, until at last the whole party had reached the other side. It was a long business—all in the rain—and then the wall had to be climbed by a ladder, for by this time the blocking of the gateways was complete. Near our chapel the wall had not been rebuilt to its full height; and the chapel ladder, the only one to be obtained, just reached to the top. This was one of many incidents that showed us that the hand of God was controlling everything. The next day that part of the wall was built to its proper height, and the ladder would have been several feet too short, and we could never have got the women, with their cramped feet, and the children over the wall.

“For the next three days, the wall was guarded by

bands of citizens, posted at short intervals from one another, and armed with the best weapons they could find; but, indeed, they were poor things. Old three-pronged forks, centuries old, to judge by their appearance, with movable rings on the handles to shake, and so strike terror to the hearts of the foe. Rusty, too, were their swords, and rarely to be seen; we watched the proud possessors washing them in a pool and scraping them with a brick; the majority had no scabbards, not that the 'braves' had thrown them away, but they had lost them. One I examined had a useful sort of scabbard; it covered all but the last couple of inches of the blade, so you could stick your enemy without the bother of pulling it out—a good thing if you were in a hurry. Those three days whilst the city was straitly shut up were anxious ones. Then the gates were open. What took place between the Mandarin and the Vegetarian leaders, we do not know; but no one believes that we have seen the end of the matter, such a serious affair cannot be so easily patched up; probably we have as yet had but the beginning. . . .

"Our girls' and women's school have, of course, been disbanded, and your ladies have left for Foo-chow—I need hardly say, very sorely against their will. It was hard for them to leave their loved work and their many friends amongst the Chinese; but they saw clearly it was best, for they could not help them in the event of a disturbance, and might rather hinder their flight and make their concealment more difficult. Our Consul wrote, strongly urging that this step should be taken, and the American Consul wrote to his people in the same strain; so the ladies have gone very obediently but very sadly, all of them wishing they were men, and so not obliged to retreat.

"But I think they see, in all that is happening, the finger of God pointing to a cessation of their work for a time, perhaps, that they may leave Him to work alone. When they come back, they may be astonished to find the wonders that the Spirit of God has done in their absence."

Mrs. Stewart in her last letter home,<sup>1</sup> dated from Hwa-sang, says: "It was a most strange affair altogether, but it was really the Japanese crossing south and threatening to bombard Foo-chow that gave the Vegetarians courage to threaten an attack on Kucheng. They are really rebels against their own Government. The present Government is so hated by the people that there would certainly be a rebellion if there seemed any hope of success. God has wonderfully answered prayer, however, and restored peace; and already we see signs that God is going to bring good out of all the evil. In many places there is a greater spirit of inquiry than ever before."

The following sketch from Miss Stevens' pen in *The Missionary at Home and Abroad*,<sup>2</sup> written immediately after the terrible event of August 1st, shows the position, progress, and prospects of the work at the moment of the terrible "Vegetarian" outbreak, on August 1st, 1895:—

"My home is in Tasmania, and in 1890 I was led to offer for Mission work in China. Having been accepted by the Australian Branch of the C.E.Z.M.S., I was sent out by the Foreign Mission Branch of the Y.W.C.A.,

<sup>1</sup> *Robert and Louisa Stewart*, p. 209. For account of siege and flight read *ibid.*, pp. 47-57.

<sup>2</sup> Edited by the Rev. H. B. Macartney, M.A., Oct. No., 1895.

Hobart, in August, 1891. . . . At Foo-chow I was met by two ladies of our mission, Miss Strong and Miss Leslie, and was taken to The Olives (C.E.Z.M.S. House). . . . As I look back on the past four years I see wonderful changes in the work; every part has grown. Archdeacon Wolfe is still working in Foo-chow city and in his large district of Hok-chiang, assisted by his daughters. In this latter place, whole villages are renouncing their idols, embracing Christianity, and pleading hard for more teachers, who, alas! are not yet forthcoming. Mr. Lloyd has gone home on furlough; and the Rev. W. Banister has taken his place at the College, and has also the Christian Boys' and Heathen Boys' Schools under his charge. Mrs. Banister has the Bible Women's and the Heathen Women's Schools. Miss Bushell's (F.E.S.) School for Christian Girls is full to overflowing. Our C.E.Z.M.S. work has opened out. In Foo-chow we have a Heathen Girls' Boarding School with about fifty pupils; an excellent Women's Hospital (Memorial Wing added to Community Hospital), which was recently built with money collected for this purpose by Mrs. Stewart, and where we have two lady nurses, Miss Chambers and Miss Barr. Many are the dear women who are led to the Saviour there. Miss Leslie is extending the work in the city, and in addition to the Day School, which we have had for five or six years, she is opening a class for heathen women. In 1892 I began itinerating among the many villages scattered all over the island of Nantai. I have always been warmly welcomed, but there are still numbers of villages untouched for want of more workers. Many new ladies came out from England during these four years, and were scattered over the province. Miss Annie

M. C. Gordon (of Australia) was appointed to the large district of Dong-gio, where she laboured most faithfully till her sudden call Home. In 1893 I went down to the wharf to welcome a large party, among whom were Miss Nellie and Miss Topsy Saunders, Lena (Mrs. Stewart's nurse<sup>1</sup>), with Mildred, Kathleen, Herbert and Evan Stewart. The nurse and children returned with me to The Olives to await Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, who were on a Mission tour in Canada. On their arrival, about five weeks later, they proceeded with the Misses Saunders to Kucheng to take up the work Mr. Banister was leaving.

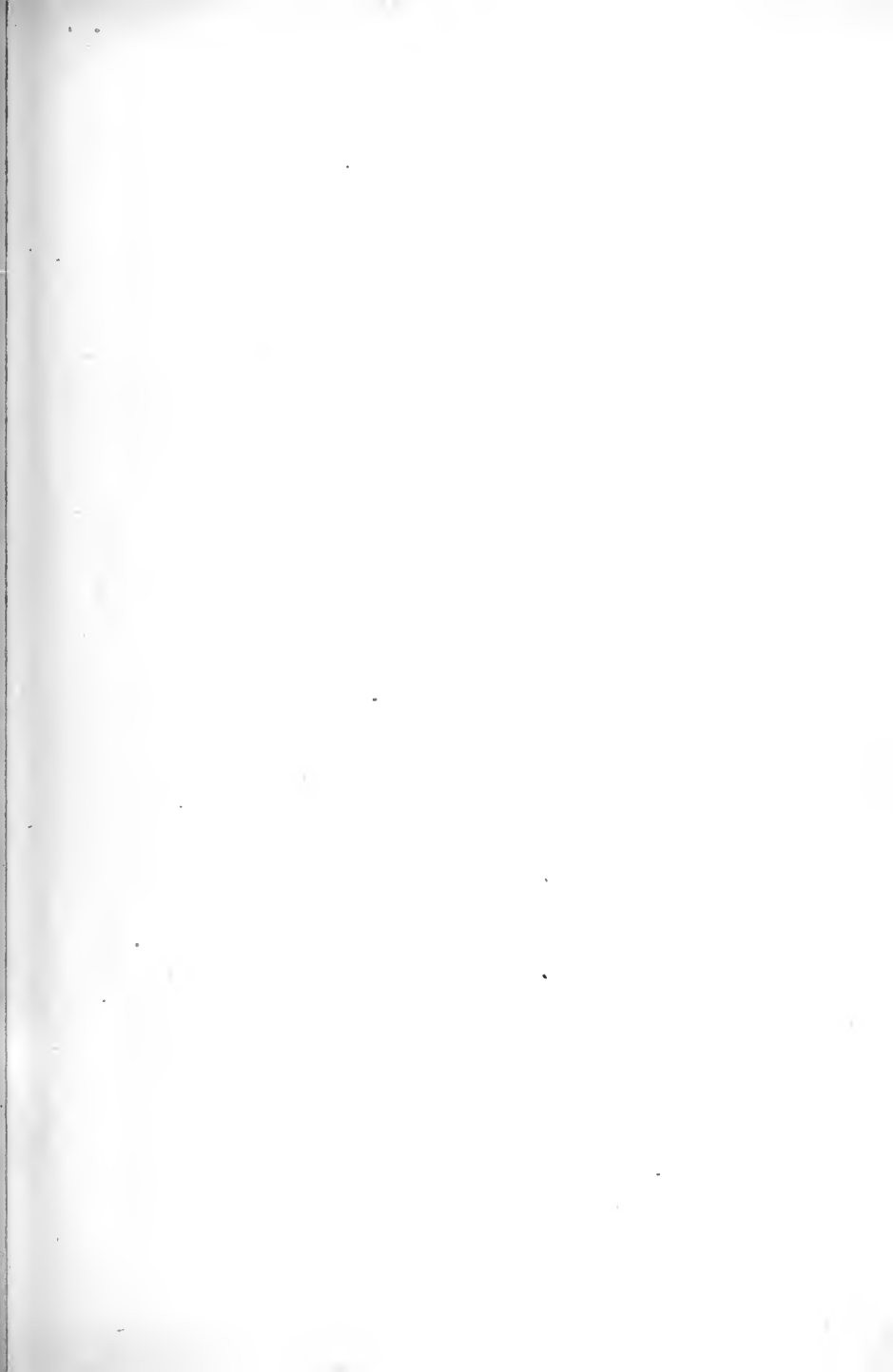
"At the Chinese New Year, 1894, I went to Kucheng for rest, and to see the work. I was present at a large baptismal service, when Mr. Stewart received about eighty converts into the church. I shall never forget his earnest manner as he spoke to each one separately. I also attended their Annual Native Conference, to which numbers came. On Sunday afternoon we went to the Leper Asylum (built by Mr. Banister), where, in the neat little church, Mr. Stewart preached, and held just

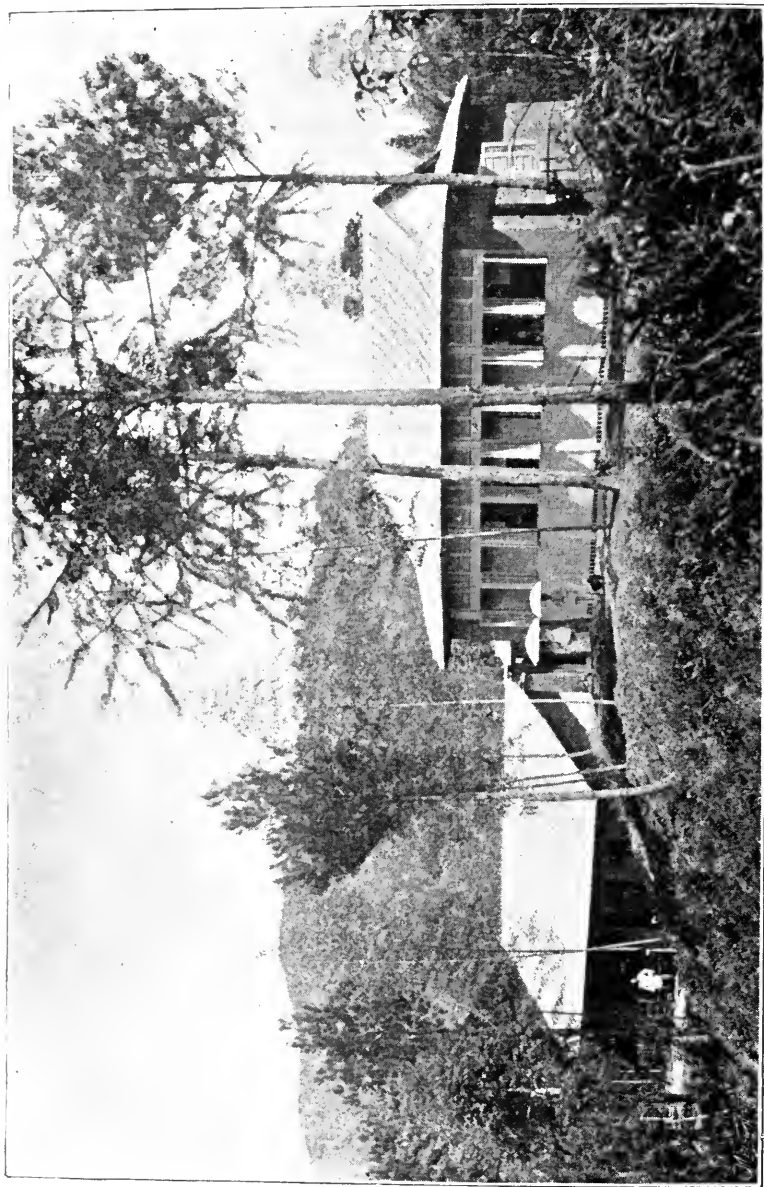
<sup>1</sup> Helena Yellop, a bright young Irish girl, brought up in Mrs. Smyly's well-known Elliott Home, Dublin, and, in common with all her school-fellows, devoted to Mrs. Stewart. In 1893, when returning to their work *via* Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart placed their four little children—two girls and two baby boys—in their faithful nurse's care, to make the long journey from Dublin to Kucheng. A trustworthy servant, on her arrival in China, Lena proved that she was a true missionary at heart, by making every effort in spare hours to learn the language, in order that she might be able to talk to the women who came to the house, and she truly longed after their souls to bring them to Christ. Her life laid down to save the little infant in her care indeed justified the epitaph motto chosen for her grave, "Faithful unto death."

a simple little catechetical service. I was much touched by the bright, earnest prayer of one poor man, whose face was so marred that it had lost all resemblance to the human face, and yet the light of heaven was there.

"During my visit, Miss Elsie Marshall arrived. She had been studying the language at Fuhning until Mr. Stewart's return, and at once commenced itinerating in a large district. Just at this time also Miss Flora Stewart was passing her examination, after which she, too, was assigned a similar district.

"In November, 1894, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, with their wee baby, came down to Conference, but returned at once, as the Vegetarians had already commenced their disturbances. Then again in March the ladies had to fly from Kucheng, but at Cui-Kau received a message from Mr. Stewart to return, as danger was over. Lena and the children came on to The Olives, and in another week's time Mrs. Stewart arrived with baby, the Misses Saunders, Miss Wade, Miss Weller, Miss Gordon, and Miss Marshall having had once more to fly. They remained about a week, and then went to our Sanatorium on the Kuliang Hills (above Foo-chow) until Mr. Stewart came down to the C.M.S. business meeting. Then, as all was quiet once more, he took most of them back—only Miss Weller and Miss Wade staying behind."





*From a Photograph sent to England by the Rev. W. Brindley, who built these houses.*

JIWA-SANG MISSIONARIES' SANATORIUM.

House on the left occupied by C.E.Z. Missionaries; house on the right occupied by the Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart



## CHAPTER X

### THE CHARIOT OF FIRE ON HWA SANG

*"Even the seeming waste of precious lives has been but the breaking of the costly flask, filling the world with the odour of unselfishness and heroic piety, and prompting to its imitation."*

—DR. A. T. PIERSON.



Rev. Robert W. Stewart, C.M.S.  
(Late Corresponding Secretary to the  
C.E.Z.M.S.)

IT will be seen that the storm which burst at last on Hwa-sang, the summer resort of the Kucheng band of missionaries, was not altogether without warning. But all danger at that time apparently was over, and work in Kucheng had been resumed since May, when Mr. Stewart arranged that the usual rest time in the great heat of July and August should be taken on the cool, refreshing hill-side, where the little village of 500 inhabitants lies, 2,000 feet above the walled city. Built against the steep mountain-side, the lower houses of Hwa-sang are supported

by long props or pillars to keep them up to the level of the street. No path crosses the ravine: the only road to Kucheng runs round the head of the valley, turning sharply over the spur of the mountain exactly opposite the village. Climbing this long, steep ascent from Kucheng city, the first sight which greets the eye on reaching level ground is that of the two little houses of the C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S. Sanatorium, standing a hundred yards from the main road on a picturesque plot—a little headland as it were in the sea of waving bamboo.<sup>1</sup>

No place in China is more suggestive of calm, rest, and refreshment than this lonely spot, at an early hour of a midsummer morning. And true spiritual and mental rest the band of missionaries had found this year. Day after day they had gathered in close communion, refreshing one another's souls in the study of God's Word. Utterly wearied in body, they had been so uplifted in spirit, that those who were present say that they were like the "days of heaven on earth." The little company had arranged to spend that week in meetings similar to and simultaneous with the Keswick Convention in England. The subject was "Old Testament Battles," illustrating the leading thoughts for each day, which were, "Confession," "Always Zealous," "Always Trusting," "Always Christ in us," "Always Praying," "Always Praising," "A Continual Burnt Offering made by Fire." The day previous to that on which so many were to be suddenly "caught up," brought a Bible reading on the Transfiguration, and the meeting ended by all repeating together the Dedication prayer: "Here

<sup>1</sup> For this graphic sketch we are indebted to *The Dublin University Missionary Magazine*, Memorial No., Oct., 1895, edited by Rev. T. A. O'Morchoe, M.A.

we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee."

Early on the morning of the 1st August, the children were astir, gathering flowers for little Herbert's birthday picnic that day. Miss Annie Gordon was reading her Bible under the trees, when about a quarter past six o'clock, the silence of the woods was broken by harsh yells. At first the bamboo wood hid the approaching band, who were coming up the steep ascent on the Kucheng side of the hill.

"Mildred and I," says little Kathleen Stewart (aged 11), "were just outside the house on a hill we called The Garden, picking ferns and flowers because it was Herbert's birthday, and we were going to decorate the breakfast table. We saw men coming along, and at first I thought they were *dang dang* (load men). Milly saw their spears and told me to run, but I was so frightened I lay on the grass, thinking perhaps they would not see me. The men did see me, and took hold of me, and pulled me by my hair along towards the house. Just as we arrived there I fell down. They then began beating me."

Struggling out of their grasp, brave little Kathleen rushed into the house after her sister, who had given the alarm that the Vegetarians had come. Her assailants followed immediately. Some entered the bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and striking down Mrs. Stewart, who was at the door, next killed her husband, first telling him that their object was not to obtain money, but to take his life. Poor little Herbert they wounded

terribly, attacked and killed the nurse, Helena Yellop, who was bravely trying to hide the baby under her clothes, and then killed Miss Nellie Saunders, who with her sister had been sleeping in the house. She was knocked down at the nursery door, on her way to rescue some of the children. Miss Topsy Saunders, meanwhile, had joined the C.E.Z. sisters at the back of their house, and with them had laid down her life.

Mildred and little Kathleen were in the same room, the door of which was bolted. Kathleen at once got under the bed. Milly was about to follow, when she thought, "If I do that, the men will know there is somebody here, because the door is locked; I will unlock the door and lie on the bed, perhaps they will only see me, and not look under the bed for any others." This she did. "Soon," says little Kathleen, "the men broke open the door, opened the drawers, smashed windows and things, pulled off all the bed-clothes, then began beating Mildred, and cut her with their swords; afterwards they left the room." In spite of the terrible gash on her knee, dividing the joint, and which long afterwards endangered her life, Mildred got up, and went to the nursery with Kathleen, and together the brave little girls succeeded in pulling the wounded year-old baby from under the nurse's dead body, and rescuing also their baby brother Evan, who was only slightly hurt, from the burning house. The murderers discovered kerosine oil on the premises, which they sprinkled about the houses, so that they burned fiercely. Kathleen pathetically says: "I took baby first, and laid her down outside; then went back for Evan; then we all five went down past the *gunions'* house, which was all in a blaze, into the little wood. After waiting there a little while, I saw

Miss Codrington with a Chinese man. I called out to her, and the Chinese man came and carried Herbert to Miss Hartford's (a missionary of the American Society, staying in a small house near by); I carried baby while Mildred and Evan waited in the wood. I then went back, and carried Evan to Miss Hartford's. As I was going back for Mildred, I met her trying to walk, but she had only come a few steps when she fell down. Then I beckoned to a Chinese man, and he carried her to Miss Hartford's."

The heroism of these children at such an awful moment was undoubtedly inspired. Consecrated to God for China from their birth, and trained in the atmosphere of self-sacrifice and holy courage, they followed in their now sainted parents' footsteps. Of one of them, a Christian native remarked, after the terrible scene was over, "Truly she has greatly received the Holy Ghost!" Not one word of reproach or resentment did they utter. On that very evening of the first of August, little Mildred, sorely wounded, her parents and friends cruelly murdered, could not settle to rest, for she wanted to pray and to plan that those gaps in the ranks might be filled up. When some one said that one of the ladies would bring the children home to Ireland, "No one can be spared from the work now," she said; "the stewardess will help us to take care of the very little ones." So earnestly did she long that the people who had dealt so cruelly with her and hers should be led to the Saviour!

Before the children left the burning house they saw the ladies of the adjoining house killed before their eyes. The C.E.Z.M.S. House was a few yards on one side beyond that of the Stewarts', oblong in shape, and with doors only at the front and back. When the first shouts

were heard, Miss Codrington, startled by the frightful yells, went to the door to see what it was, thinking it must be a village fight, but was met by Miss Gordon, who had been reading outside, who said, "I'm afraid something very serious has happened." Just then a man suddenly ran up with a spear in his hand, but they



Miss Hessie Newcombe.

succeeded in fastening the door in his face. Had the others been up and dressed, all might have escaped into the brushwood that grows up to the very door; but the two gave up their chance of immediate escape to help the other three to dress—Miss Hessie Newcombe, Miss Flora Lucy Stewart, and Miss Elsie Marshall, who were

still in bed at the time. The Vegetarians surrounded the house and watched them through the windows. They all gathered in Flora Stewart's bedroom, and finding escape through the windows impossible, as the spear-men were guarding them, they quietly knelt in prayer, Miss Hessie Newcombe leading. The men at last broke into the room they were in, not hurting them at first, but gathering up all the plunder they could find. Then the ladies got out at the back of the house, and found themselves surrounded by the main body of the murderers. Escape was clearly impossible; nearly eighty men were around them.

The men asked for money, and said they would not kill if they gave them \$2,000. Miss Codrington assured them they had no money. Even then their captors were unwilling to kill the ladies, and spoke of binding them and carrying them off to hold them to ransom. An old native of Hwa-sang pleaded for their lives; but the leader of the band, who carried a red flag, came up and ordered them to kill at once. The four, Flora Codrington, Elsie Marshall, Lucy Stewart and Annie Gordon, stood close together. Miss Codrington called out to the others not to be afraid: "Sisters, never mind, we are all going Home together!" Acting on the advice she gave the others, to fall at the first blow, and to lie still, in hope of being left for dead, she fell, terribly wounded in face and neck, arm and thigh. The other three who fell with her were Miss Elsie Marshall,—clinging to her Bible to the very end, though the hand with which she grasped it was nearly severed,—Miss Gordon, and Miss Stewart, whose deaths must have been instantaneous, and all but painless. Miss Hessie Newcombe had left the group, in her intense anxiety to get to Mrs. Stewart,

and her body was found at the foot of a neighbouring embankment of earth.

When Miss Codrington recovered consciousness, she lay still till the murderers' retreat horn and all sounds had ceased—the whole terrible scene was enacted in less than sixty minutes—and then, finding the house on fire,



Miss Lucy Flora Stewart.

attempted in her terrible condition to draw away the precious forms of her sisters from the flames; and then, her strength failing, she made her way to Miss Hartford's house. Miss Hartford herself had been attacked by a Vegetarian just outside her house. Her teacher's wife bravely interfered to save her, and her Christian man-



servant seized the spear, and wrestled with the murderer while she escaped.

The only other foreigner at Hwa-sang, the Rev. H. S. Phillips (C.M.S.), was staying in a native house, separated from the other missionaries' houses by a small hill. He had arrived only nine days before, from the N.W. of the province, to spend one of the hot months with the Stewarts, and as there was not room in their cottage, had taken a bedroom in this neighbouring house. Hearing a noise, and breaking away from friendly natives, who held him back by force, he hurried up the hill.

"I went first," he says, "past the Stewarts' cottage by the foot of the hill, where I met Mr. Stewart's teacher hiding in the brushwood. He begged me not to go up to the house. I thought I would at first get as near as possible, and thus see more clearly what was happening. I crept through the brushwood to a spot on one side of the cottage, where I had a clear view of the front and side, but could not see the back where our martyred sisters were lying, already surely dead, as I heard no sound. In front, the Vegetarians were running backwards and forwards looting; but, seeing no European, I hoped that all had escaped. I had not been sitting long when the retreat horn sounded, and they began to leave, and the house was fired. Directly the Vegetarians had left, I came down, and found one of Mr. Stewart's servants, who led me to Miss Hartford's cottage."

There for the first time he learnt the awful news, and immediately set to work to bind up the wounds on Mildred, poor little Herbert, and Miss Codrington. Hastening then to the burning houses, he found and covered

up with bark, to protect them from the already fierce sun, all that was mortal of those who had been caught up in the fiery chariot to meet their LORD.

Then came a terrible time of waiting. It was not until 7.30 p.m. that Dr. Gregory, of the American Mission, could arrive and attend to the wounded. Even then it was not until 3 p.m. on the following day, August 2nd, that they could start for Cui-Kau, the nearest village on the river Min where boats could be obtained. From three o'clock in the afternoon they prolonged that terrible and difficult march all through the night of the 2nd August, during which the little birthday boy, Herbert, so terribly wounded, "fell asleep" and joined his parents. "How glad father and mother will be to see him!" said brave, suffering Millie, when told of his death. An awful march it was, fifteen miles down a steep mountain side, so steep, that in places an ordinary traveller prefers to leave his carrying-chair and climb, and then ten miles further before the boats were reached.

As the sad remnant of our missionary band wound its way down from Kucheng to Foo-chow, at a wayside inn, where the little company rested an hour or two for supper, a native woman, who could hardly be called "an inquirer," came to Miss Codrington's bedside and said, "Sister, don't think all your work is spoilt; the Kucheng women are weeping, they are so touched. Now many will believe!" Let such a saying from almost *heathen* lips forbid for ever the murmur rising in our *Christian* hearts: "To what purpose is this waste?"

"It was most touching," wrote Rev. H. S. Phillips afterwards, "to see the sympathy of the Christians as we passed along the road; and as we realized that, but

for the grace of God, they too might be poor, dark Vegetarians, we were convinced that what Kucheng wants is not Gatling guns, but the Gospel of the living Christ."

A relief party had been sent down at once from Foo-chow. Mr. Banister and Archdeacon Wolfe took all sorts



Miss Anna Mary Christina Gordon.

of provisions in their boat, little realizing how few they would meet to whom they could minister. It was touching to see the little girls, though faint from want of food themselves, caring tenderly for their tiny brother, Evan, three and a half years old, throughout the rest of the journey. None of their clothing, except that

which they wore, had been rescued. Evan was in his little night-things only, on that journey lasting from Thursday to Sunday, and Kathleen carried baby Hilda in her arms a great part of that time.

They arrived at Foo-chow at 12.30 a.m. on August 4th. The scene at the landing-stage was very solemn and impressive. Numbers of the English population were gathered together, almost breathlessly waiting to hear who had been saved. Mr. Banister spoke beautifully; he said, "Nearly all of them are in Heaven; ten——" and then he read the names aloud to end the suspense.

The sufferers were taken to the hospital, and carefully attended to by Dr. Rennie, Miss Barr, and Miss Chambers in the nice airy rooms. Remarkable it was that this hospital (Women's Wing), built through dear Mrs. Stewart's exertions, should have opened its doors to receive her children! Kathleen was exhausted, but baby would not leave her till Miss Fleming came in Chinese dress, and baby was happy in her arms. Miss Codrington and Mildred had to be carefully nursed. They both say they felt no pain till after they reached Foo-chow. Baby followed her mother a few days later; all the kindness and love could not keep her here. For a long time Mildred hovered between life and death, and it was feared that amputation would be necessary. But in answer to fervent prayer, both she and Miss Codrington made a wonderful recovery from their wounds, and before the year closed all the survivors of that terrible day were in England.

The funeral was at 5 a.m. on August 6th. The service was held in the mortuary chapel of the English

Cemetery at Foo-chow. One of our C.E.Z. sisters writes: "I should think that all the foreign gentlemen in Foo-chow city were assembled there. In the centre was a black draped box, smaller than a coffin, and on it the names of Robert and Louisa Stewart, and the words, 'Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their deaths they



Miss Elsie Marshall.

were not divided.' The last part of the service was read around the large grave where, side by side, only separated from each other by a low, brick partition, rested those ten precious forms. It reminded us of the long bedroom at Kucheng, where, separated by light wood partitions, we often slept together. There was a wealth

of beautiful white wreaths to cover each coffin, and each bore a text chosen by Mr. Phillips.<sup>1</sup>

The so-called "Vegetarians," who enacted the fearful deed, were really the members of "The Eight Diagrams' Guild," a secret rebellious organization. It has transpired since that they had been incited to open action by a Chinese necromancer, Tang Hwai, or "Long Finger-Nails," a clever impostor who had gained immense influence over the superstitious leaders. For a fortnight previously, meeting them in some hidden mountain fastness, he had been urging them to assert their ascendancy over the local magistrates by some deed of violence, and cast lots for the choice of one out of three raids: 1. To attack and plunder the foreign houses at Kucheng; 2. To attack and kill a rich man in his house at Tang Teuk, a neighbouring village; 3. To attack and murder the foreigners at Hwa-sang; in each case carrying off all that was valuable as booty. For three successive nights the lot fell on Hwa-sang, and a band of 120 men was told off to carry out the evil plan. After it was over, the murderers threw off all disguise, and their pretended Vegetarian vows, had a feast of pork and

<sup>1</sup> MISS HESSIE NEWCOMBE, whose leading characteristic had been spirituality of mind, and whose principal theme of conversation was the Lord's Return,—"*The Master is come, and calleth for thee.*"

MISS FLORA STEWART, whose unselfishness and sympathy made her memory most fragrant,—"*Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.*"

MISS ANNIE GORDON, whose faithfulness and fortitude in loneliness impressed all who knew her,—"*Where I am, there shall also My servant be.*"

MISS ELSIE MARSHALL, whose young bright life sparkled with devotion to God and His work,—"*She asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it, even life for ever and ever.*"

chickens, and took a new name for their society. Measures were at last taken by the prefectured authorities, many of the murderers were imprisoned and then hanged, and the rebel camp was broken up.

Miss Ellen Smyly, who started at once from Dublin to bring the three children home, in a deeply interesting journal detailing her voyage and visit to Foo-chow, said :—

“There is in the city a Christian watchmaker. His wife is a most earnest Christian Bible-woman, who visits in Foo-chow with Miss Blanche Cooper. This man obtained leave to go to the prison and visit the four men (Vegetarians) who are shut up there. They are in separate cells. He saw them all four. You know they are supposed to be the leaders, and one of them is the man called ‘Long Finger-Nails,’ who held the red flag, and when some of the murderers hesitated, said, ‘You know your duty; kill them all.’ So many have prayed that they might hear of salvation before they died. The Christian watchmaker told them of the thief on the cross, and also told them how we said, like the Lord on the cross, ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.’ The wife asked me if we would like to send them a message. I said, ‘Tell them from me that we freely forgive them, for we know it was the devil in them that had caused them to do it.’ The children have frequently said this to me. They feel no resentment. Their great desire is to be *guniongs*.”

“I will sow her unto Me in the earth.” The words of an ancient Divine prophecy echo in our hearts to-day. That shattered Mission compound and those martyr-fires of Hwa-sang, that quiet grave in God’s acre at Foo-chow

are but tilled land into which the Divine Husbandman has cast His "precious seed" amid weeping. For from Kucheng, yes, from the uttermost part of China, He "shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing His sheaves with Him." Even now "the golden glow of harvest is glimmering through the gloom." Archdeacon Wolfe wrote in January, 1896, of a greater spirit of inquiry among his people than he had ever before witnessed. Congregations of men were overflowing the churches, and in one instance in Foo-chow, seventeen heathen women of their own accord had tottered into a native church, eager to learn "the Jesus doctrine." Even in the remote districts south of Hing-hwa the same stir was taking place. Again it would appear that the blood of the martyrs is to become the seed of the Church. The vast dark empire will be indeed transmuted into the "Great Flowery Land," when His footsteps are heard in it, for

"Love, joy, hope, like flowers  
Spring in His path to birth."

If we His heralds only do His bidding, myriads of this million-peopled country "Behind the Great Wall" shall one day become meet citizens of the true Celestial Land. "If——"!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Our one petition ever since has been that for every life laid down ten more may come forward," writes a C.E.Z. missionary, and her words have been caught up and echoed and prayed over till many have offered and some are on their way out to be "baptized for the dead."

None of the C.E.Z.M.S. workers were permitted to return to the districts outside the port of Foo-chow until



news had been received from the British Consul that all fear of fresh danger was quite at an end. At the beginning of March, 1896 (see *Our Stations and Staff*, p. 175), full permission to re-enter the Kucheng district was received from the same authority. Every door was therefore again opened. The native Christians had been preserved, and the number of heathen inquirers was daily increasing.

Four C.E.Z.M.S. ladies fell at Hwa-sang; each of these had charge of a separate district around Kucheng so large that their utmost efforts could not cover it. If God answers this tenfold petition<sup>1</sup> of each ten, two will take up the special work of one of the sisters who died at Hwa-sang, the other eight will find fields of labour as vast in other parts of the province.

We are indebted to the Rev. H. S. Phillips, C.M.S., for the following concise epitome of needs in *one* prefecture only:—

#### AN URGENT APPEAL.

Kien-ning Prefecture is the central northern prefecture of Fuh-kien, coming up between the prefectures of Fuh-ning and Shau-wu, but stretching farther to the north. It contains *seven* counties, each larger than average English counties, in which *five* separate dialects are spoken. It is absolutely necessary to have a band

<sup>1</sup> Miss Ellen Smyly, sister of the late beloved Mrs. Stewart, has started a "GUNIONG FUND," the thought having come to her: When this prayer is answered, and the forty ladies offer themselves to the Zenana Society, the next question will be, Where is the money? Surely there are three thousand people who care enough to give £1 each? Correspondence should be addressed to Miss E. S. Smyly, 35, Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin; or Mrs. Watson. Hurstwood, Woodford, Essex.

of ladies to reach the women speaking each dialect. At present only *one* dialect is touched by the C.E.Z. out of these five,—viz., the most widely spoken, Kien-ning,—and the band is far too small to overtake in any way Kien-ning work.

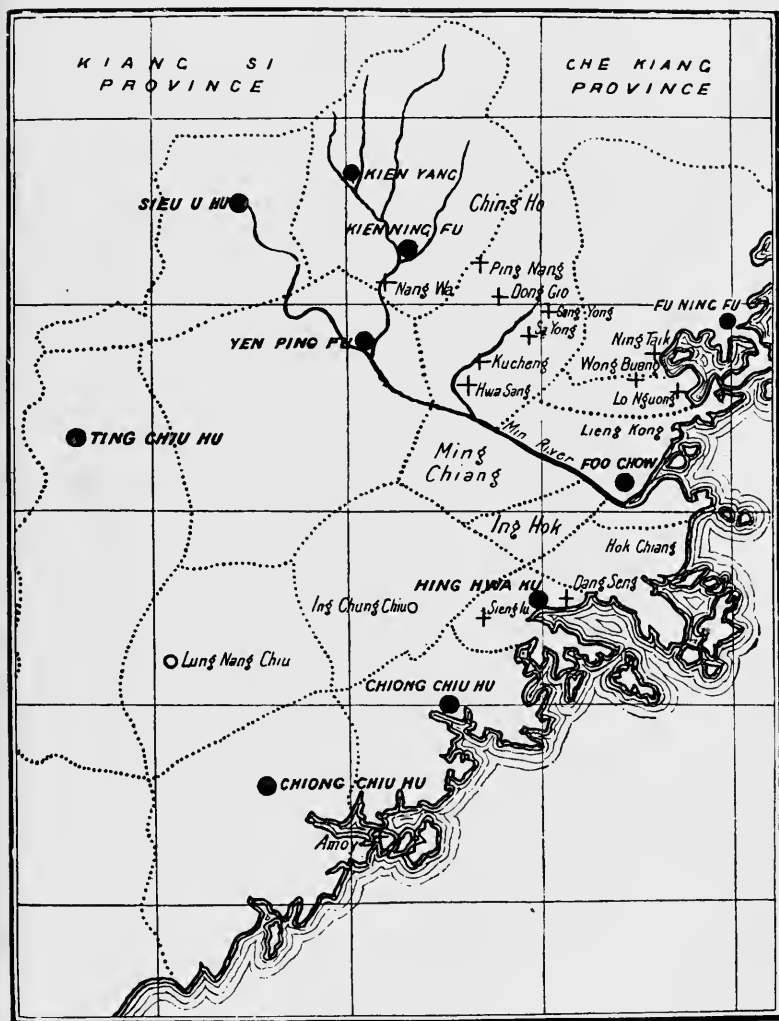
Needs which the C.E.Z.M.S. ought to supply :—

1. KIEN-NING dialect. Two ladies for educational work. One fully qualified lady doctor. (This latter is urgent.)
2. KIEN-YANG, a county 2,800 square miles, without one Christian woman. Three ladies to start with.
3. TSUNG ANG. Three ladies.
4. SUNG KI. Three ladies.
5. Last, but not least, CHING Ho (Ceng Wa). Three ladies.

Some of these might not be able to start work at once, but several could, and those whom the Lord leads to think of this work should enter training at once, and be ready for the opportunities in this prefecture. Only ladies can reach Kien-ning women, and only C.E.Z. ladies can supply this need, as Kien-ning is an exclusively C.E.Z. sphere. It is most unlikely that their needs will ever be otherwise met.

Ladies who offer for work in Kien-ning should be strong, and willing to rough it, and spiritually ready for emergencies.

Beloved Mrs. Stewart would repeatedly say: "If we could only give to friends at home the faintest idea of what it means to be a heathen, especially to the women and girls, I do not think we should have to plead long



MAP OF THE FUH-KIEN PROVINCE.  
(C.E.Z.M.S. Stations indicated by +)

Although one of the smallest of China's eighteen provinces, the area of Fuh-kien equals that of Eng'and (without Wales), and contains a population of 20,000,000.



for workers. It seems too terrible sometimes when we see what they have to endure, and feel all the time it *need not be.*"

No, it need not be.

The band of Vegetarians, when their desperate deed was done, took a sheet from one of the beds, and, making a banner of it, wrote in the Chinese characters: "China's Dragon goes to war with the Christians' Jesus." Little did those poor blinded heathen men understand the truth of that significant inscription they waved aloft in the triumph of their enmity!

The Son of God goes forth to war also. We know who will be the victor. The Great Overcomer will yet lead captive in the train of His triumph those who, subdued by His will and reconciled by His redeeming love, shall build again the faith they once destroyed. But He would not go alone. For whom is He waiting? For you? For me? For our means? For our substitute?

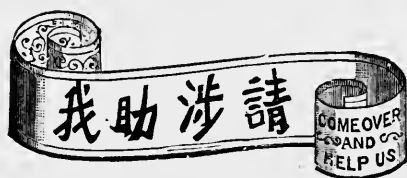
\* \* \* \* \*

Behind the Great Wall a million a month are dying without God. And it need not be! Behind the Great Wall thousands of Chinese women are living and dying without Christ. And it need not be!

"The restless millions wait  
That Light that dawning maketh all things new.  
Christ also waits; but men are slow and late.  
Have we done what we could? Have I? Have you?"

"A cloud of witnesses above encompass us;  
We love to think of all they see and know;  
But what of this great multitude in peril  
Who sadly wait below?"

"Oh, let this thrilling vision daily move us  
To earnest prayer and deed before unknown,  
That souls redeemed from China's land may join us,  
When Christ brings home His own."



## THE STORY OF C.E.Z.M.S. WORK IN CHINA

### OUR STATIONS AND STAFF FROM 1883 TO 1896

THE following brief chronological sketch of our past history in China may be interesting to those who read "BEHIND THE GREAT WALL."

Our first "Chinese" missionary, Miss GOUGH, arrived at Hong Kong on December 8th, 1883, and was warmly received by the Bishop of Victoria and Mrs. Burdon. At daybreak on December 10th, she proceeded to Foo-chow by a coasting steamer, and arrived there on December 13th. In the following July, the Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart arriving in England, brought encouraging reports of Miss Gough and her work.

Miss Gough's first report appeared on p. 314 of *India's Women*, 1884. At the time of the French and Chinese engagement of forces at Foo-chow, when English ladies had to take refuge on board an English gunboat, our missionary, under God's loving protection, was quietly pursuing her language studies at Ningpo, and in October had safely returned to the port, hopeful that her work would continue (as it did) undisturbed.

Very earnest appeals now began to be addressed to us by the Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart, that we should send Miss Gough a colleague in her work at Foo-chow.

They undertook, at the request of the Committee, to bring the claims of our China Fund before Christians at home. And thus the Fuh-kien band became specially connected with Ireland. Funds were guaranteed by the Irish Y.W.C.A. and other friends of Mrs. Stewart. In 1893 the Ladies' Auxiliary (C.E.Z.M.S.) of the Dublin University Fuh-kien Mission was started, which, in 1895, sent out its first two representatives, Miss MONGAN and Miss GARDINER.

Miss Gough's second and deeply interesting report appeared in November, 1885. She speaks of spending happy hours week after week in visiting with Bible and concertina among the heathen women in numberless villages, and also many families of high rank and position in the city; she was generally accompanied by Mrs. Ahok, who, under her teaching, became a more and more earnest and whole-hearted follower of Christ. Called away, however, by her marriage with the Rev. J. C. Hoare, M.A. (C.M.S.), to another sphere of labour in Ningpo, Miss Gough left behind her many open doors. On October 18th, 1886, Miss I. and Miss H. NEWCOMBE, two young Irish ladies who had been able to offer themselves freely to the Foo-chow Mission, sailed for this station. The sisters landed at Foo-chow on a Saturday, and took their first lesson in the language on the Monday morning—a practical proof of their zeal!

Under the title, "A Call from Fuh-Ning-Fu," in 1887 two letters from Dr. and Mrs. B. Van Someren Taylor were issued in *India's Women* (the organ of the C.E.Z.M.S.) (p. 215), each an urgent plea for "one or two" more ladies to be sent out quickly to the rapidly growing field of work. And in the March Number of *India's Women* we find that, "As we go to press an urgent letter reaches



us from the Rev. F. E. Wigram, dated Foo-chow, May 3rd, 1887, in which, after pointing out all the needs of Fuh-Ning-Fu and Kucheng, he adds, 'I do earnestly trust that the Lord will enable your Society to send out and occupy these two stations promptly.'"

This was accompanied by a "very important document"—an appeal signed by all the missionaries of Foo-chow, male and female, to the American and English Societies for employing women as missionaries, urging that in all places where Europeans were established in that province, ladies should be sent out.

Urgent appeals from individual missionaries followed closely on the receipt of this memorial. The Rev. W. Banister, of Kucheng, wrote :—

"Nine missionary ladies in the whole of the vast empire of China, representing the activity and the missionary zeal of the Church of England!—two in Hong Kong, four in Foo-chow (hundreds of miles from the former), two in Mid-China, and one in the far North, each little band separated by hundreds of miles of intervening heathenism. Is this enough? . . . Would it be thought enough to have a little band of labourers at Aberdeen, another at Birmingham, and one each in London, Paris, and Berlin?"

The Rev. R. W. Stewart, under date June 2nd, 1887, "asked leave to add his voice to the general cry" :—

"The field for ladies' work in our Mission is simply enormous. Not only are there those wealthier homes, into a number of which my wife has now access, and which can only be reached by ladies—for even our Bible-women cannot get into them—but there is also the whole field covered by our Mission, and in which there is

scarcely any woman's work (comparatively speaking) being done, owing to lack of lady workers."

His letter contains the following practical statement:—

"I fully believe that £50 per annum would be sufficient, *plus* a teacher's salary of £12 per annum, and of course itinerating expenses when she is able for it. If she adds to this her dressmaker's bill, she will know just what her total expenses would be. I do not know much about the last item, but it certainly need not be as large as at home. Missionary ladies dress very quietly, and do not go in for tennis parties or things of that kind. They have not time, or, at any rate, they ought not to have.

"If any lady wants to come out to the Foo-chow heathen, and only requires what will keep her comfortably in all things needful, you will see from above the proper amount."

At that moment the two C.E.Z.M.S. stations in China were Hong Kong, where Mrs. Ost, the wife of the Rev. J. B. Ost, C.M.S., was our honorary missionary, and Foo-chow. In November, 1888, the editor of *India's Women* is able to say:—

"It is just a year since the appeal, 'Come over and help us,' was published in our magazine with the signatures of thirty-five missionaries and missionaries' wives at Foo-chow, including the Misses Inie and Hessie Newcombe, who at that time represented our Society in China. Since then Miss BRADSHAW and Miss DAVIES have arrived in Foo-chow, and Miss JOHNSON is on her way thither. Our number is thus raised to five in the Fuh-kien

province, besides the three going forth to Shanghai and Ningpo."

The "three" here referred to are the Misses Newcombe, who, in answer to earnest appeals from Bishop and Archdeacon Moule of Mid-China for "two lady missionaries," went to commence work at Shanghai just as two years before their two sisters went forth to Foo-chow. An anonymous donor, to whom our Society owes much, founded this mission by a special gift; and at the urgent request of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hoare, Miss FRENCH was sent to Ningpo.

Interest in China and our work there was by this time becoming so wide-spread that the good news was announced in our little periodical that "the sums sent in to the Foreign Missionary Branch of the Y.W.C.A. in Tasmania since July, 1887, amounted to £66 16s. 3d., so that the Association hopes to undertake the support of one missionary under the C.E.Z.M.S. in China." The Tasmanian Branch owed much of its vitality under God to its energetic Chairman and Treasurer, Mr. and Mrs. George Fagg.

But so far did the demand for workers exceed the supply, that Miss Inie Newcombe writes in the summer of 1889 :—

"Next autumn we can only send workers to Lo-Nguong by sacrificing, to a great extent, the country work in Kucheng. And at the spring meeting of our *Ladies' Union* it was proposed and passed that the Zenana ladies should extend on into Lieng-Kong and Hokchiang, two large districts, where as yet there has been no missionary to the women.

"Six ladies are absolutely inadequate to take charge

of such a vast field of work. Work in Foo-chow city among the ladies, and occasional help in the Bible-woman's School, will take at least *one* missionary. Ku-cheng, simply to carry on the work already started, not to mention extension, will require *four*—two for the women's and girls' school work in the city, and evangelization work in the city and neighbourhood, and two more for visiting the country stations; that leaves only *one* out of the six for Lo-Nguong, Hokchiang, and Lieng-Kong. Each district ought to have, to begin with, *two* ladies; and as the work extends, more would be needed. And there are really only four of the six who know enough of the language to be able to begin work. If these women are to be reached we must have more workers."

Amongst the arrivals on furlough in the spring of 1890 came Miss Bradshaw from Foo-chow, accompanied by Mrs. Ahok, whose story we have given on p. 61 "BEHIND THE GREAT WALL."

Mrs. Ahok was the wife of a Mandarin, and the second lady member of high-class Chinese society who had ever come to Europe, the other being the wife of an ambassador recently accredited to our court. Her sole object was to stir up the ladies of England to come out as missionaries to her country-women.

Amongst the numerous meetings which Mrs. Ahok addressed, one in the Guildhall, Cambridge, on May 23rd, deserves special mention. In spite of its being arranged at very short notice, the audience crowded the room to welcome the brave, indefatigable Chinese lady. The chair was taken by Sir Charles Aitchison, and the speakers were, besides Mrs. Ahok, Mrs. Stewart, Pro-

fessor Babington, and General C. G. Robinson. Twelve University men acted as stewards, and by their kind efforts contributed greatly to the success of the meeting.

After spending nearly four months in England and Ireland pleading for missionaries, Mrs. Ahok returned to China on June 27th, her departure being hastened by the news of her husband's illness. She was accompanied by Miss Florence MEAD, C.E.Z.M.S., who volunteered to undertake the journey to Foo-chow, *viâ* Canada, at a few weeks' notice.

At the Annual Dismissal in October, 1890, three more workers for China were bidden God-speed thus :—

“The Committee have selected you, Miss STRONG and Miss WELLER, from among those who have had the advantage of the year's training at ‘The Willows,’ to proceed to the Fuh-kien province; and more recently they have gladly accepted your offer, Miss LESLIE, to go as an honorary worker to the same field. Our widowed sister, Mrs. Ahok, will hail your coming as a proof that her pleadings with her English sisters have not been in vain. Our little band of consecrated labourers in Foo-chow and at Kucheng will also bid you welcome in the Master's Name.”

In 1891 four out of a band of eighteen of our missionaries were assigned to China, and were dismissed at the Mildmay Conference Hall on October 2nd with these words :—

“It is appropriate that your destination, Miss CODRINGTON, should be in the Fuh-kien province; for it was by the lips of Mrs. Ahok that the Master's call came which finally led you to decide to offer for foreign missionary work. It will cheer our widowed sister's

heart to see in your arrival a fresh proof that her appeals for workers have not been in vain.

"You, Miss BRYER, have been appointed to work in China as the representative for the present of a friend, who hopes that she may herself some day be allowed to labour there. The exact part of the Fuh-kien province in which you and Miss Codrington will be called to labour will be determined by the Ladies' Conference, which meets in November.

"You, Miss DERRY, are going to devote your experience gained in nursing to the service of Christ for the Chinese women in the hospital at Foo-chow. You will work under the direction of the medical man in charge of the hospital, who will welcome you as a helper in the Master's name.

"Your name, Miss RODD, has been added to our list. After years of patient waiting on the Lord, the desire of your heart has been granted. Without any action on your part, friends have offered to provide what is required for your passage to China, and your maintenance there while working with the Misses Newcombe and Miss Johnson in the N.W. of the Fuh-kien province."

During this year changes took place in stations and staff. Ningpo disappeared from the list, to be replaced by Kien-ning. The marriages of Miss Clara Bradshaw to Mr. Millard, of Miss Davies with the Rev. H. C. Knox, C.M.S., and of Miss French with Dr. Daly, of Ningpo, left gaps in our roll of missionaries, though in each case their sphere only was changed.

Much interest attached to our Chinese reinforcements at the Autumn Dismissal of 1892. We quote from the instructions read at that farewell meeting:—

"With the exception of Miss Hook, whose offer of service was an open one, those whom we are sending out this year volunteered especially for China. We surely cannot be wrong in tracing this steady flow of missionary interest in the direction of the Fuh-kien province to the visit of Mrs. Ahok. The immediate result was small, but our sister's hopeful words, 'They will come,' are being verified. Again, we cannot fail to note the special power which has accompanied the appeals of Rev. R. W. and Mrs. Stewart for labourers. More than one-half of those who are about to sail for China this year, as well as others still under training, received the definite call through their lips. Through them, too, in more than one instance, individuals and congregations have been stirred up to claim the privilege of maintaining them. Three of you, Miss *ELSIE MARSHALL*, Miss *HANKIN*, and Miss *STEWART*, as daughters of evangelical clergymen, have enjoyed both the advantage of nurture in Christian homes and the varied experience of well-worked parishes. You also, Miss *LLOYD*, are willingly yielded up at the Master's call by parents who rejoice in this fruit of their prayers and early training. Your recent visit to Ireland has led to your adoption by Y.W.C.A. Branches in Tyrone as their representative. In the same way you, Miss *LEE*, go forth as representing and supported by the Y.W.C.A. of Limerick. Both you and Miss *BURROUGHS* have had valuable preparation for the foreign field in connection with the Irish Church Missions and other Christian work."

Disturbances in the Empire of China in the spring of 1892 brought the C.E.Z.M.S. work there into prominence. *India's Women* for August (p. 341) contained

a letter from Miss Johnson, written in April, describing the outrage at Ceng-wa in the Kien-ning prefecture. Although the work was interrupted for a time, our missionaries were providentially preserved, and their way opened into many other towns and villages. The three headquarters of the C.E.Z. Mission in China still remained—Foo-chow, Kucheng, and Kien-ning.

In the same year, 1892, a remarkable document reached the office of the C.E.Z.M.S.: a sheet of paper which, from its colour, might have been dyed with the rich red azaleas which cover thousands of miles of the "Land of Flowers," written up and down with Chinese characters, and enclosed in a floridly decorated envelope. Here is the translation:—

*"A petition, presented by Li-Sie-Mi (the Native superintendent) on behalf of all the Christians connected with Ping-Nang Native Church Council.*

"Whereas your humble servant, Li-Sie-Mi, having been appointed by the Church, is in charge of the congregation which assembles at Tong Kio, and is also (Native) superintendent of the district of Ping-Nang. In my visitation of the out-stations I have seen the great opportunity (*i.e.* for the Gospel) there is in every place where there are many who are deeply in earnest in their solicitude for the truth, and in their investigation of the Scriptures. This truly is a great sight. Since I was appointed to the office of superintendent I have seen how all the Christians in every place have increased in knowledge of the truth and edification. There are many women who are Christians, both old and young, who beg the English Church to appoint lady teachers to reside in the Ping-Nang district,



who will direct and conduct the work amongst the women, and visit all the congregations, and instruct them (the women) in the Word of God and teach them to pray, that thus they may all understand the doctrine of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"To the English Society for Women, to all the *pastoresses* and *venerable ladies* (who direct the Society).

"Trusting you will grant this petition, a joint petition from all the members of the Ping-Nang Native Church Council."

Ping-Nang is a district 400 miles in extent, about twelve miles wide by about twenty long, containing a teeming unevangelized heathen population. In apportioning the work of the C.E.Z.M.S. ladies, however, one only could be spared to be Christ's witness to the women of this great district. Miss GORDON, the daughter of an active member of the Zenana Committee in Queensland, Australia, who set sail for China in 1891, began in 1893 to visit Ping-Nang from her headquarters at Kucheng, and in 1894 established herself at Dong-gio, the chief station.

At the close of December, 1893, our stations in China numbered seven, and our missionaries twenty-eight, six new workers having been dismissed to the Fuh-kien province.<sup>1</sup> Five of the number were to be maintained in the field by friends at home. Holy Trinity, Leicester, sent out Miss TABBERER as its second representative, and St. John's, Blackheath, supplied Miss WITHERBY as number two of its congregation in the foreign field. Miss COOPER, Miss TOLLEY, and Miss CHAMBERS set sail

<sup>1</sup> The Fuh-ning prefecture is specially reserved for C.M.S. ladies.

also for China, together with Miss BARR, who was appointed as a missionary nurse to take charge of the new female ward in the Foo-chow hospital, under the charge of Dr. Rennie.

The Rev. R. W. Stewart, who since 1887 had been the valued Corresponding Secretary to the C.E.Z.M.S., had now, with his devoted wife, spent a two years' furlough for the benefit of his health in stirring many in England, Ireland, America, and Australia to offer for the work and to contribute for the support of workers in China. They returned to Kucheng in 1893, to receive a hearty welcome from the Fuh-kien band of C.E.Z.M.S. missionaries old and new, which they had so largely reinforced by their indefatigable labours and appeals.

The grave condition of affairs in China during the early part of 1894, whilst the great empires of the far East were shaken with war, caused the Committee to delay the departure of Miss Wedderspoon, the sole reinforcement for the Fuh-kien Mission that autumn. But including Miss WEDDERSPOON, Miss STRONG, at home for the benefit of her health, and Miss HESSIE NEWCOMBE, then on her way out after furlough, the band of C.E.Z.M.S. missionaries at the end of 1894 numbered thirty, three entirely honorary, four not drawing full allowance from the Society, fourteen supported in whole or part by special gifts, with a staff of Bible-women and teachers, and nine C.E.Z.M.S. stations had been established.

Much anxiety was felt, and much prayer called forth that year for our missionaries in the Fuh-kien province. And, kept in peace without and within, never have they written more brightly.

In April, 1895, Kucheng was the scene of a riot, described by Mr. Stewart in the July number of *India's*

*Women.* The Christian community, numbering 100, found refuge within the city. For three days it remained straitly shut up; then the rebels retreated, and by the advice of the Consul the ladies went to Foo-chow, Mr. Stewart remaining behind.

On April 21st he wrote hopefully that all was peace, and soon after this the ladies returned to their work in Kucheng.

During the two hottest months, the missionaries usually go to the hills, and in Hwa-sang (Flowery Hill), a hill village six miles from Kucheng, representatives of the C.M.S. and an American Society were staying on August 1st. Five C.E.Z.M.S. ladies were also there—Miss Hessie Newcombe, Miss Elsie Marshall, Miss Flora Stewart, Miss Gordon, and Miss Codrington. Of the other ladies belonging to Kucheng and the neighbourhood, Miss Nisbet was on furlough in Australia, and Misses Weller and Rochfort Wade (*Kucheng*), Misses M. Newcombe and Burroughs (*Sang-Yong*), and Miss Tolley (Miss Codrington's companion at *Sa-Yong*), had not at the time of the attack returned from the neighbourhood of Foo-chow.

The story of the massacre that took place on August 1st at Hwa-sang is told in "BEHIND THE GREAT WALL." Four C.E.Z.M.S. missionaries were called up higher—Miss Hessie Newcombe, Miss Annie Gordon, Miss Elsie Marshall, and Miss Flora Stewart. We had never before lost a single missionary by death in China. Loving hands laid to rest all that was mortal of these four martyred sisters in Foo-chow cemetery on Monday, August 5th, 1895.

The terrible event was immediately regarded by all workers for Foreign Missions as a special call to prayer.

On Tuesday evening, August 13th, the great hall of Exeter Hall was filled, at the invitation of the C.M.S. and C.E.Z.M.S., with an assembly in which were representatives of the S.P.G., the Baptist Missionary Society, the Presbyterian Church of England Missions, the China Inland Mission, and other Societies. The object of the meeting was simply to afford the friends of Missions an opportunity of assembling for united prayer on behalf of the Chinese Missions, and especially on behalf of the relatives and friends of the martyred missionaries of Kucheng. Sir John Kennaway presided, and with him on the platform were the Right Rev. Bishop Moule, of Mid-China; the Rev. W. W. Cassels, Bishop-designate of Western China; the Rev. Llewelyn Lloyd, a former missionary in Kucheng; the Rev. H. E. Fox (successor of the Rev. F. E. Wigram as Hon. Clerical Secretary of the C.M.S.); Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Governor of South Australia, and many other clerical and lay supporters of Christian Mission work. The invitation to prayer gave the names of the victims thus:—

“WITH CHRIST.”

Robert Warren Stewart, C.M.S.  
Louisa K. Stewart, C.M.S.  
Hessie Newcombe, C.E.Z.M.S.  
Elsie Marshall, C.E.Z.M.S.  
Harriette Elinor Saunders, C.M.S.  
Elizabeth Maud Saunders, C.M.S.  
Flora Lucy Stewart, C.E.Z.M.S.  
Anna Mary Christina Gordon, C.E.Z.M.S.  
Herbert Stewart.  
Hilda Sylvia Stewart.  
Lena Yellop.

[*Kucheng*, August 1st, 1895.]

The meeting opened with the hymn, "O God, our Help in Ages past," the General Confession and well-chosen Collects, and the whole tone was solemn and trustful.

Representatives of all the great missionary organizations took part in the meeting, which closed with the whole audience singing on their knees, "When I survey the wondrous Cross." Bishop Moule, of Mid-China, pronounced the Benediction.

On November 11th Miss Leslie and Miss Codrington arrived safely in England, the progress of the latter towards recovery wonderful, her courage and hope of returning to China unshaken.

A letter dated Foo-chow, August 28th, 1895, was received during the same month, signed by twenty-two C.E.Z. missionaries, pleading earnestly for reinforcements. We extract the following as typical of its spirit and tenor:—

"We all want to make, through you, a strong appeal to our sisters in Christ in the homelands, and to ask, Who is coming out to fill up the sad gaps in our ranks? . . .

"Just before this dreadful thing happened, it seemed as though doors were being opened wide everywhere; we all in our several districts were longing, praying, and writing to ask for more workers.

"'I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it.' We believe that our God is going to turn this masterpiece of Satan's to His own glory, and to the increase of His kingdom. Surely He must have some wonderful harvest in store from the precious lives laid down. We are asking the Master for ten, to take the

place of each one of our dear C.E.Z. sisters ; this is forty altogether."

At the General Committee held on Wednesday, December 4th, Miss Leslie, C.E.Z.M.S., Foo-chow, and Miss B. Newcombe, C.E.Z.M.S., Nang-wa, were introduced to the Committee, and gave extremely interesting accounts of their work. Both pressed the desirability of new ladies going out to China as soon as possible.

A telegram from Archdeacon Wolfe, and letters from the Rev. W. Banister, one of them written on the journey between Kucheng and Foo-chow, were read, requesting that additional ladies might be sent out—three for Lo-Nguong, and four for Hing-hwa. After consideration, it was resolved that the new missionaries appointed to China, whose departure was deferred in the autumn, might be allowed to proceed to Foo-chow, in company with ladies of the C.M.S., on January 17th, in order that they might be acquiring the Chinese language in that city. These missionaries were not to be located in country districts without the authority of the Home Committee. Passages on the *Rome*, P. and O., were taken for Misses Gardiner, Wathen, and Mongan, for China.

In the February number of *India's Women* (1896) the following Committee note was inserted :—

"Letters were read from the Revs. W. Banister, J. Martin, and H. B. Macartney in reference to the Fuh-kien Mission. Mr. Banister willingly accepts the Committee's invitation to undertake permanently the office of Corresponding Secretary, in the place of the late Rev. R. W. Stewart, with whose policy and methods of working he

is heartily in accord. Mr. Martin, on being asked by the Conference to take charge of the Kucheng district, expresses his heartfelt sympathy with the Society's work, and his desire to carry on the work there on the lines laid down by his deceased brother. He asks the prayers of the Committee in entering on this responsible charge. It is hoped that the ladies may soon return to their work at Lo-Nguong and in the Hing-hwa district, but it is feared that some months must still elapse before the Kucheng district can be reoccupied. Miss Hankin (who is engaged to the Rev. H. S. Phillips, C.M.S.) and Miss Johnson, Nang-wa, are on their way to England, and it has been thought well that Miss F. M. Lloyd and Miss Tolley should go for a short change to Japan. Miss Bryer and Miss Rodd are doing useful literary work on the Romanized form of the colloquial spoken in the Kien-ning district, and Miss Weller is filling the office of house-mother at 'The Olives,' Foo-chow, with great advantage to the work and the workers.

"A telegram has been sent to Melbourne from Foo-chow, sanctioning the return of Miss Nisbet to China in January, and accepting the offer of service of Miss KINGSMILL, of Tasmania, who is able to go at her own charges."

On March 30th, 1896, Miss Codrington writes:—

"I have just had letters from China containing the welcome news that the dear sisters have been allowed to go back to their stations. Miss M. Newcombe and Miss Burroughs had left for Kucheng city, Misses Witherby and Tabberer for Dang-seng, Miss Hook for Lo-Nguong, Miss Wedderspoon to follow later. The Nang-wa sisters

were waiting for Dr. Rigg, and Miss Weller was remaining in Foo-chow till she had welcomed Miss Kingsmill from Australia, and instructed her in the duties of house-mother at 'The Olives.' Miss Wade was hoping to go up to Kucheng with Miss Nisbet, and Miss Tolley, who with Miss Lloyd had not yet arrived from Japan."



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## CHURCH OF ENGLAND ZENANA MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

For full information as regards the Society's Stations and Work in India, China, and Ceylon see "PURPOSE, PRINCIPLES, AND PROGRESS," supplied gratis, and also

### The Society's Magazines.

*India's Women and China's Daughters*, published monthly, price 1d. It is well illustrated, and contains information of the Society's work at home and abroad, special topics of missionary interest, etc.

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There are also a series of booklets, etc., published at intervals by the Society, of which a list is given (see Advertisement pages). These can be obtained from the Office, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C., or of any Bookseller.

### The Society's Work and Financial Needs.

At the close of 1895 the number of European Lady Missionaries, Assistants in Local Connection, Bible Women, Native Teachers, and Workers under the Society numbered 913. No fewer than 5,834 Zenana houses were being visited, 4,665 of their inmates receiving instruction. The total number of pupils in Boarding, Day, and Sunday Schools was upwards of 8,000, whilst patients attending Hospitals and Dispensaries during the year numbered 180,838. To support this work *without extension*, the Society requires an annual income of £35,000, in addition to the contributions of the native Christians and Government Grants.

### The Society's Missionaries in China.

The following is a list of China Stations and Missionaries as they were located at the time of the massacre at Hwa-Sang, August 1st, 1895, alphabetically arranged:—

WORKER.	DISTRICT.	WORK, ETC.
Miss Barr. . . . .	Foo-chow .	Nurse in Ahok Memorial Wing Community Hospital.
Miss Burroughs . .	Sang-Yong	Studying Language, Teaching in Day School.
Miss Bryer . . . . .	Nang-Wa .	Translating New Testament into Kien-ning Dialect.
Miss Chambers. . .	Foo-chow .	Nurse in Ahok Memorial Wing Community Hospital.
Miss Codrington . .	Sa-Yong .	Women's Station Class and Itinerating.
Miss Cooper . . . . .	Lq-Nguong	Studying Language, Visiting in Villages.

WORKER.	DISTRICT.	WORK, ETC.
Miss Fleming . . .	Nang-Wa .	Itinerating in Villages.
Miss Gordon. . . .	Ping-Nang	Itinerating, Visiting in Villages.
Miss A. Hankin . .	Dang-Seng	Women's Station Class, Visiting in Villages, Medical Missions.
Miss Hook . . . .	L <sup>o</sup> -Nguong	Itinerating in Villages.
Miss F. Johnson . .	Kien-ning.	Nursing Women in C.M.S. Hospital (outside City Wall).
Miss Lee . . . . .	Foo-chow .	Heathen Girls' Boarding School.
Miss Leslie . . . .	"	Heathen Girls' Boarding School, Visiting in City.
Miss Lloyd . . . .	Sieng Iu .	Women's School (Christian), Women's Day School (Heathen).
Miss Mead . . . .	Foo-chow .	Visiting Ladies in City (on furlough).
Miss Marshall . . .	Kucheng .	Itinerating in Villages.
Miss B. Newcombe .	Nang Wa .	" " " (on furlough).
Miss H. Newcombe .	Kucheng .	Christian Girls' Boarding School.
Miss M. Newcombe .	Sang-Yong	Station Class, Itinerating in Villages.
Miss Nisbet . . . .	Kucheng .	Foundling Home (the "Birds' Nest") (on furlough).
Miss Rochfort Wade	Kucheng .	Studying Language.
Miss Rodd . . . . .	Nang-Wa .	Translating New Testament (with Miss Bryer).
Miss Stevens . . . .	Foo-chow .	Visiting in Villages, Business for up-country Workers.
Miss F. Stewart . .	Kucheng .	Itinerating in Villages.
Miss Strong . . . .	Foo-chow .	Bible Women's Class (on furlough).
Miss Tabberer . . .	Dang Seng	Studying Language, Teaching Station Class.
Miss Tolley . . . .	Sa-Yong .	Studying Language, Helping Miss Codrington.
Miss Wedderspoon .	L <sup>o</sup> -Nguong	Studying Language.
Miss Weller . . . .	Kucheng .	Christian Girls' Boarding School.
Miss Witherby. . .	Sieng Iu .	Studying Language, Helping Miss Lloyd.

N.B.—The honoured name of the late Rev. R. W. STEWART, C.M.S., as CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE C.E.Z.M.S., is inseparably connected with the above list of the Society's workers in China. For many years he was thus officially identified with the C.E.Z.M.S., which keenly mourns the loss of so valuable a counsellor and co-worker. Those who have read "BEHIND THE GREAT WALL" will recognise the names in the above list of those who on Aug. 1st, 1895, joined the "noble army of martyrs," and will realise how important and wide are the four gaps made in our narrowed ranks. For the need of reinforcements see page 153 of our Story.

# Church of England Zenana Missionary Society,

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**"His Witnesses."** Kucheng, August 1st, 1895. A Record of some of the Martyrs of the Fuh-kien Mission. By H. F. TURNER. This book, 64 pages, crown 8vo, contains a brief notice of the lives of Miss Hessie Newcombe, Miss Elsie Marshall, Miss Flora L. Stewart, and Miss M. A. C. Gordon, the four Missionaries of the C.E.Z.M.S. who were martyred at Hwa-Sang, August 1st, 1895, with Extracts from their Journals and Letters. Illustrated from Photographs. Price 1s.

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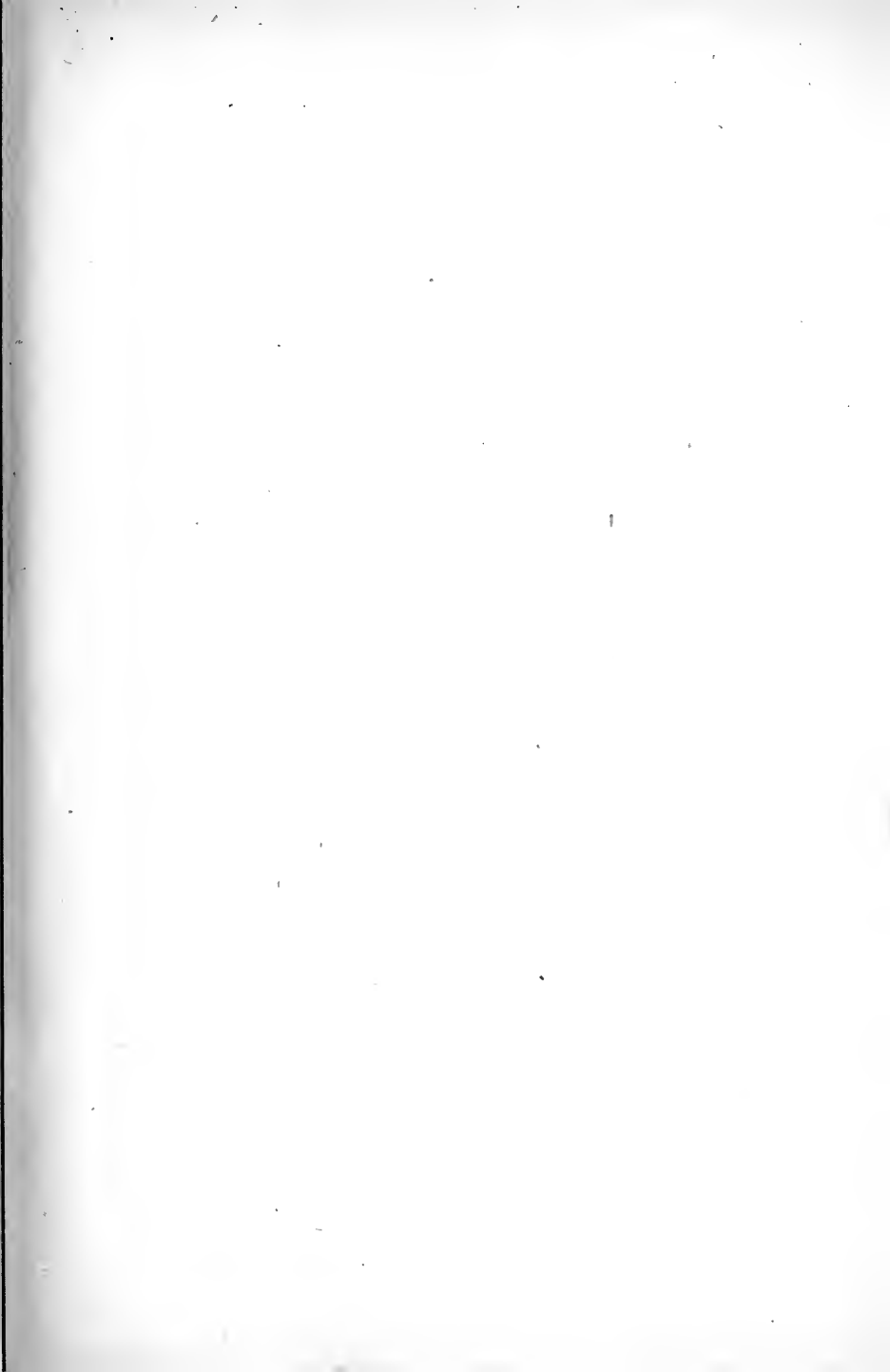
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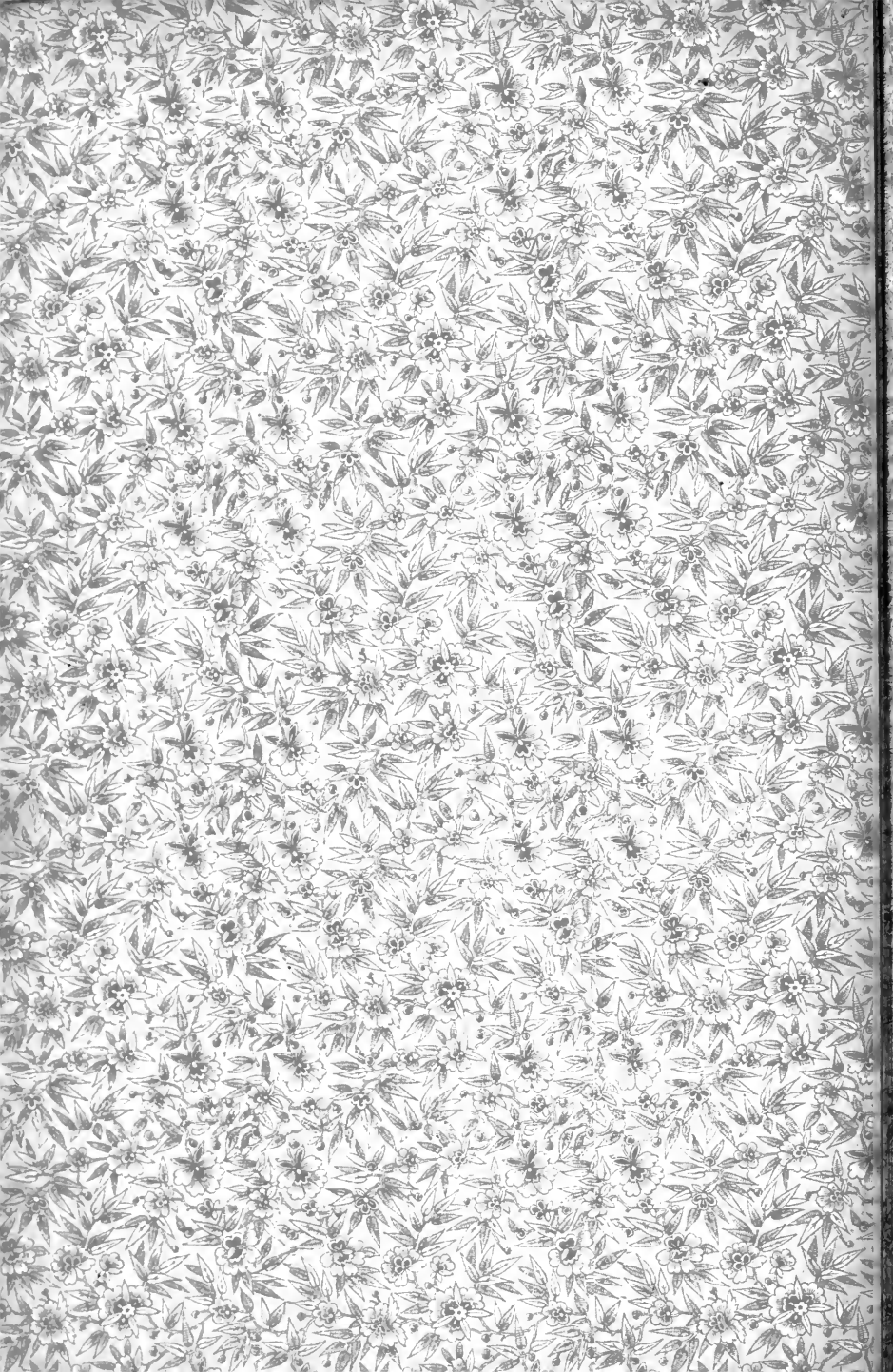
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